

THE **Tattler**

ALDERMASTON & ALL

& Bystander 2s Weekly 29 Mar. 1961

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THE UNIVERSITY UNION. Schweppshire's Oldbrick defers to tradition but it also reserves the right to be more so. Example: in the older universities Usual Stuff formed the basis of education. General cultural amelioration existed, in fact it was often said that actually really that was what one went there for. People were inclined to join Groups, originate film societies, or play some form of 'cello; yet the thing never achieved higher than Outside Activity status.

But at Oldbrick, Outside is Inside. Once the student has passed Irresponsions and Tinigo he can take his degree in, say, Union Debating. Here, indeed, we actually see them on the spot studying for their D.E.B.S.O.C. It is possible to obtain an Artsmastership in sitting in official positions with poise and imperturbability; a Baccalaureate in being a member of an audience with informality and indifference; and a Pestmastership in making visiting notabilities feel awkward and out of place by confining them to one small sherry two hours before speaking time, and preparing the way for their appearance by a flood of incomprehensible local references in order to confuse them with inexplicable laughter. A minor Exhibitionism, worth £8 a year, is given (see inset) for the preparation of the prepared impromptu.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXIX Number 3109

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THE LIGHTER SIDE OF MARCHING

It is one of the signs of the times that what is meant to be a highly organized protest, the annual Aldermaston march, has a distinctly social side to it. The organizers would no doubt be put out to hear it, but there are similarities with the Young Conservatives, who for years kept their membership surprisingly high largely because they gave such good dances. The Tatler is, of course, not a political magazine and takes no sides on an issue like nuclear disarmament. But there are some aspects of this Easter phenomenon that can be explored for their entertainment value, and it was with this idea that Keith Money was asked to photograph the village where the fun starts and ask some residents how it strikes them. Malcolm Bradbury has written an accompanying reflection on protest-marching as a diversion, and Francis Kinsman breaks into verse. *The new Easter parade* begins on page 647. . . .

Also in this issue: A second instalment in Barry Swaebe's delightful *Young Family* series (page 661) . . . a trend-spotting article by Gordon Wilkins, *Has the big car had it?* (page 682) . . . and some spring reminders for gardeners and flower lovers, beginning with Sylvia Lamond's article *The English garden loses heart* (page 656). For details of further garden touches see . . .

The cover:



Illustrating the serious business of getting a good show of flowers indoors, the cover girl waters her ambitious jardiniere (from the Chintz Shop, 25 Walton Street, S.W.3). Photograph by RONALD COHEN. On page 673 and onwards *Full bloom ahead!* examines what's new for the gardener, indoors and out

Next week: Holidays in Britain. . . .

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Bicester & Warden Hill Hunter Trials, today, at Kings End Farm, Bicester.

Point-to-points: (today) Dulverton (West) at Bratton Down, V.W.H. (Cricklade) at Wroughton, Western at Porthleven; (tomorrow) South Tetcott at Wadlands; (1 April) Army at Tweseldown, Ashford Valley at Charing, Blackmore Vale at Osborne, Cambridgeshire at Hemingford Abbots, Cottesmore at Whissendine, Essex at Hatfield Broad Oak, Grove & Rufford at Markham Moor, Hurworth at Hutton Rudby, Ledbury at Bushley Park, Linlithgow & Stirling at Oatridge, Monmouth at Llanvapley, Morpeth at Pole Hill, N. Cornwall at Bodmin, N. Staffordshire at Muckleston, Radnor & W. Hereford at Bredwardine, Rockwood Harriers at Bretton, S. Oxford at Crowell, Tiverton at Shobrooke, Vale of Lune Harriers at Whittington, V.W.H. (E. Bathurst's) at Siddington, Wylde Valley at Larkhill; (Easter Monday) Cowdray at Midhurst, E. Kent at Aldington, Eggesford at Loosebeare, Eridge at Kippings Cross, Essex Farmers at Beeleigh, Four Burrow at Tehidy, N. Cotswold at Springhill, N. Shropshire at Eyton-on-Severn, Old Berkshire at Lockinge, S. Notts at Cropwell Bishop, S. Pembroke at Lydstep, Staintondale at Hawsker, Taunton Vale Harriers at Jordans, Vine at Hackwood Park; (April 4) Croome at Upton-on-Severn, Dummies at Rotherhill, High Peak Harriers at Flagg Moor, Weston Harriers at Wolverhill.

Cattistock Hunter Trials, 5 April.

Horse & Hound Ball, 6 April, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Animal Health Trust. Tickets: 5 gns. (double) from the Organizing Secretary, 96 Long Acre, W.C.1.

Old Berkeley Hunt Ball, 7 April, at

Halton House, Wendover (by permission of the C.O. and officers, R.A.F. Halton).

RACING

Steeplechasing: Sandown Park (Royal Artillery Meeting), today; Southwell, 30 March, 1 April; Carlisle, Manchester, Newton Abbott, Plumpton, Towcester, 1, 3 April; Hereford, Huntingdon, Market Rasen, W. Norfolk Hunt, Wincanton, 3 April; Chepstow, Uttoxeter, Wetherby, 3, 4 April.

Flat racing: Stockton, Warwick, 1 April; Kempton Park, 1, 3 April; Newcastle, 3 April; Birmingham, 3, 4 April; Hurst Park, 5, 6 April.

ROWING

University Boat Race: Oxford v. Cambridge, Putney to Mortlake. 1 April.

RUGBY & MOTOR RACING

Easter Rugby Festivals: Isle of Man, Lowestoft, Bournemouth, 31 March-3 April; Southend-on-Sea, 31 March, 1, 3, 4 April.

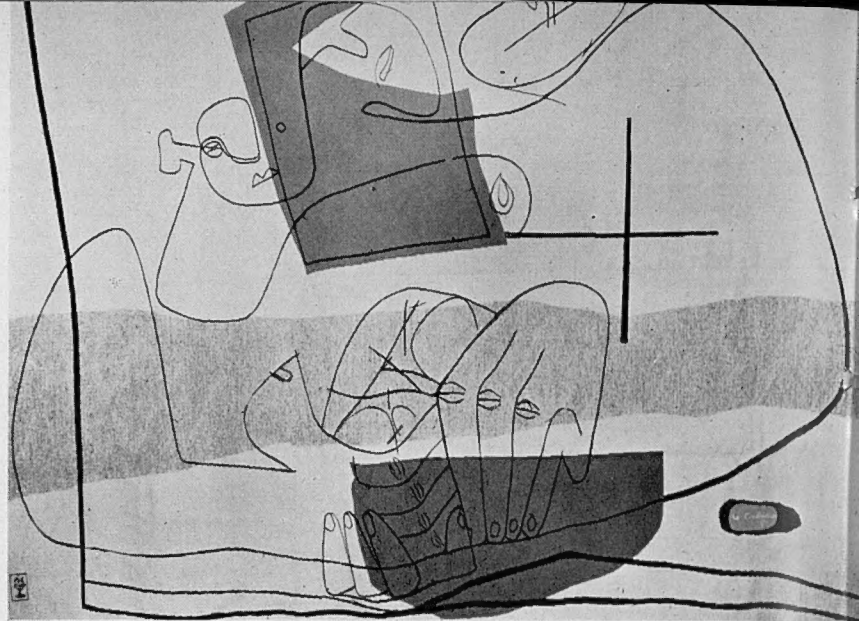
Easter Monday Motor Racing, Goodwood, 3 April.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden: *Les Deux Pigeons*, *Dances Concertantes*, 7.30 p.m. tonight, 2.15 p.m. 1 April, 7.30 p.m. 3 April; *Les Sylphides*, *The Invitation*, *Pineapple Poll*, 1 April; *Giselle*, 4, 6 April; *Dances Concertantes*, *The Invitation*, *Pineapple Poll*, 5 April. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Die Fledermaus*, tonight & 4 April; *The Cunning Little Vixen*, 30 March, 1, 6, 7 April; *Tosca*, 5 April. All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall: Klemperer conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus in *Messiah*, 2, 4 April, 7.30 p.m. A concert for April Fools' Day, 7.45 p.m., Jazz Concert,



LE CORBUSIER'S tapestry *Les Mains* which has been bought by Mme. Prunier for her restaurant in St. James's Street. Woven at the Aubusson works in 1957, it will be unveiled by H.E. Mme. Jean Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador, at a reception at the restaurant on 10 April

8.30 p.m., 1 April. (WAT 3191.)

"Musical Spring In Lakeland", Rosehill Arts Theatre, Moresby, Cumberland. James Starker (cello), with Nicholas Sebok (piano), 4, 5 April.

ART

Sir Edwin Landseer, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 14 May.

Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours Exhibition, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, W.1, to 29 April.

EXHIBITIONS

"Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, to 3 April.

Weekend living. Ideas for furnishing a country cottage. Design Centre, Haymarket, to 8 April.

Model Railway Exhibition, Central Hall, Westminster, 4-8 April.

FIRST NIGHTS

Mermaid Theatre. The Wakefield Mystery Plays. 5 April.

Theatre Royal, Windsor. *Half Seas Over*. 6 April.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 676.

The Miracle Worker. "... the best new play and some of the best acting that the present season has

yielded... intensely moving climax... a wholly delectable evening." Anna Massey, Janina Faye. (Royalty Theatre, HOL 8004.)

My Fair Lady. "... the best musical comedy I have seen... song and dance melt into the dialogue with a sort of magic fluidity... an experience to remember." Charles Stapley, Anne Rogers, James Hayter, Hugh Paddick, Zena Dare. (Drury Lane Theatre, TEM 8108.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 677.

G.R. = General release.

Five Golden Hours. "... slightly macabre comedy about an Italian undertaker... he tries to murder three trusting widows and subsequently, feigning madness, spends a couple of years in a lunatic asylum. Jolly, what?" Ernie Kovacs. George Sanders, Cyd Charisse. G.R.

The Long & The Short & The Tall. "... a war film that I consider ugly, unreal and unnecessary... Despite the title, not one character in the film could be said to have the stature of a man." Richard Todd, Richard Harris, Laurence Harvey. G.R.

BRIGGS by Graham



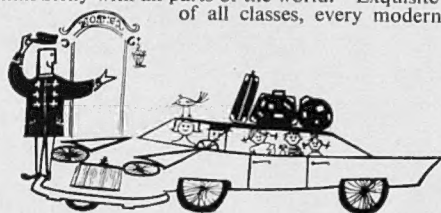
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March 29, 30 31	CALTANISSETTA and TRAPANI: Celebrations of the Holy Week
April 16-23	MONREALE: 6th International Week of Church Music
April 12-May 28	PALERMO: Third International Prose Festival
April 14, 15, 16	ETNA SUD (Catania): Three International Skiing Days
April 24-30	PALERMO: 17th International Tennis Tournament
April 28, 29, 30	TAORMINA: Festival of the Sicilian Costume and Cart
May-July	PALERMO: Trotting Season
May 22-28	PALERMO: Second International Week of Modern Music
May 27-June 11	PALERMO: 16th Mediterranean Fair

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GOING PLACES LATE

A club that floats

Douglas Sutherland

AS A CHANGE FROM CLUBS ERECTED on a solid foundation of London clay and with a substantial construction of bricks and mortar I made a call the other day on one that floats. The Yardarm is, I think, the only floating club in London and is currently moored near Westminster Pier. Unlike most other floating houseboats and hulk conversions this one can still move and will shortly have to do so to make way for the summer rush of river trippers who use the pier. A new permanent mooring has been found by Hungerford Bridge, near the Charing Cross Underground station. Its present position, near both the Houses of Parliament and Scotland Yard, makes it a convenient meeting place for our legislators and for the officers charged with the enforcement of the law, but the fact that the sporting looking gentleman in the corner with the tweed jacket and the pipe is almost certainly an Assistant Commissioner in no way detracts from the gaiety of the place and you need have no qualms about risking a sly sixpence on the one-armed bandit positioned amidships on the starboard side of the bar.

With the whole parade of London

river life passing the portholes of the Yardarm Club, patrons are never short of a topic of conversation. I treasure for example the interesting, if macabre, piece of information that the River Police pull an average of three people from the Thames every day. But with all its seafaring associations and the influence of its distinguished clientele, drinks and cigarettes cost the same as they do for landlubbers on shore. Food prices though are remarkably low; a steak, kidney & mushroom pudding with two vegetables costs only 5s. and that includes coffee. As with most worthwhile clubs, membership of the Yardarm is strictly controlled but, if you can get elected, the half-guinea annual subscription is certainly fine value. In fact the only matter for regret is that the club does not open on Sundays.

From the Thames to Berkeley Square, and another piece of information which may clear up some confusion among patrons of the Astor Club as to the nationality of their debonair host, Verdi, who also comperes the cabaret. The name suggests an Italian origin but Verdi is in fact as British as his name

which is Mr. Wright. Nor is Verdi a name adopted to fool the public but a corruption of the name with which he was christened—Verdun. I wonder, incidentally, how many Dunkirks and Alameins we now have in our midst!

During my last visit to the Astor I was sorry to hear from Verdi that owner Bertie Green has not been well and has more or less retired from the club. His influence is still, however, apparent in the high standard of the cabaret which this week features the well-known singing team, The Mudlarks, and young Scottish singer Allan Bruce. They are followed, on 3 April, by the famous French act of Sonny Teale and Company. I remember seeing this act when it brought the house down at the Astor about a year ago, but I won't spoil the fun by trying to describe this Gallic contribution to London night life. It's enough to say that it is well worth seeing. Incidentally, the act is booked through for a month, an unusual event at the Astor where the policy is to change the cabaret every week.

Cabaret calendar

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Viera*, international singing star

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *Lena Horne*

Colony (MAY 1657) *Susan Sorrell*, vocalist

Embassy (HYD 5275) *Los Valldermosas*, Spanish song and

recently are worthy of mention. They are a 1958 Pouilly Fumé, which was matched to a *Soufflé Homard*, and a 1950 Château Mouton Rothschild with *Chicken à la Kiev*. Satisfaction was complete. *W.B.*

Peter Evans Eating Houses, 1 Kingly Street (just off Regent Street: REG 7460) and 78 Kensington High Street (opposite Barkers: WES 8282). Open mid-day to midnight Monday to Saturday. Peter Evans, a young man, has planned for young people. An adequate three-course meal costs 16s. 6d. without drinks. Steaks from 6s. 6d. upwards are of high quality, the *scampi*, 5s. 6d. or 8s. 6d., something special. So is the baked jacket potato served with sour cream and chives. The pleasant décor is by another young man, David Hicks, who is a co-director. At Kingly Street you take your bottle or send out; Kensington is fully licensed. *W.B.*

The Eaton, 10 Lower Belgrave Street. (SLO 1415.) *C.S.* Only a brisk three minutes walk from Victoria Station, but this is by no means its only virtue. Small, but bright and cheerful with varnished walls, chequered tablecloths, and brightly coloured napkins, it is popular at lunchtime for grills cooked at the back of the room. It has other dishes too and the

dance group with supporting bill **Society** (REG 0565) *Tania Velia Pigalle* (REG 6423) *Betty Hutton*. *Tony Bennett opens 16 April*

Blue Angel (MAY 1443) *Noel Harrison*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *Miko Mingo*, Indian dancer

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Harriet and Evans & the Savoy dancers*



KNOW YOUR BARMAN—11. Connaught Hotel. *Londoner Tony Gent has been head barman in the American bar for 10 years. He finds champagne and brandy cocktails are the favourite. His own personal recipe runs, 2/3 Hein brandy, 1/3 Marnique, with a dash of fresh lemon juice added*

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Seven for the book

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Grill & Cheese, Notting Hill Gate. This restaurant, seating 80 or so, should be a boon to those living in Campden Hill or thereabouts who want to eat out plainly, well and inexpensively. In this pleasant modern room soup costs 1s. 6d., a generous steak with potatoes 9s. 9d., cheese 1s. 6d. or a sweet about the same amount. There is wine by the glass, from 2s. 9d. to 3s. 9d. for a large glass, a large carafe from 10s. to 14s., or a 1952 Pommard at 20s. per bottle. The excellent coffee is 1s. a cup and no extra charge for a second. The staff, under manager Brian Ridgeway, are friendly and efficient.

Lowndes, 9 William Street (out of Lowndes Square). SLO 3280. A return visit after 15 months to this medium-sized, pleasantly got-up restaurant confirmed my original impression. It is jolly good value for money, with the main course costing from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. They

know, among many other things, how to cook white cabbage and make a Bakewell tart. It is licensed and there is wine by the glass. Book or go early for luncheon.

Gow's, 37 St. Martin's Lane (near the Coliseum). TEM 0615. *C.S.* In some respects this restaurant is a much-needed throwback. It has the noise, bustle, laughter and mixed company of a pre-1938 chop house. Your neighbour on one side may be drinking champagne, and on the other a pint of bitter; both will seem equally happy. The fish and the steaks are up to the standard set by Gow's long ago. Allow 15s. to 18s. for food and you will go away contented. Significantly Gow's is popular with visiting farmers as well as London businessmen. *W.B.*

Trocadero Grill, Shaftesbury Avenue. (GER 6920.) The high quality of the food and service here are so well known that they need no praise from me, but two outstanding wines I drank there

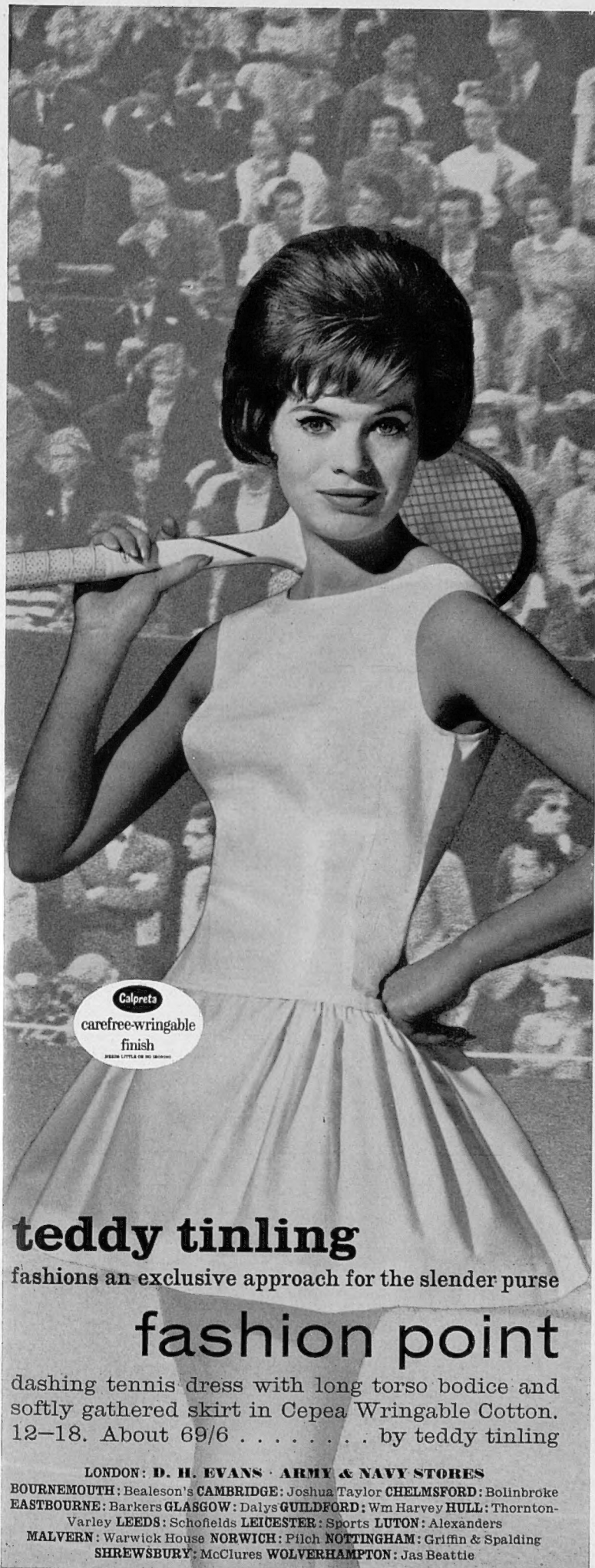
standard of cooking is sound. The coffee is good. Full licence. A good place for two or more women lunching or dining together.

Tip for the tulips

The Duke's Head Hotel, King's Lynn. For car owners this charming town is an ideal centre for visiting the tulip fields of Lincolnshire, and the Duke's Head is a fine Renaissance building and a comfortable place to stay, even if the single rooms are small. The cooking is good, straightforward English, including sometimes an excellent Blackcap Pudding. Service is attentive and friendly. The cellar includes a 1953 Pontet Canet Grand Vin at 20s. per bottle, and if you are having a party there is a Quinta do Noval 1947 port at 32s. 6d. The draught beers, including Bass and Worthington, are well kept.

Wine note

American wines are now available in Britain. These are not the table wines from California but sweet dessert wines popular on the other side of the American continent. They are made from blackberry, loganberry, cherry and Concord grape, bottled by the Manischewitz Company of America. Capital Wine Agencies (Wholesale) Ltd. will handle them here.



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F. KERSTING

SICILY: Cloisters of the church of San Giovanni degli Eremiti

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Staying in Sicily

Doone Beal

LAST WEEK, I WROTE OF TOURING Sicily, and of the island from a sightseer's viewpoint. Not, however, that the resorts and the things to see are necessarily divorced from one another. Just ten minutes away from the centre of Palermo is the delightful little fishing town of Mondello, which is the resort of the capital. Its beaches—even if, as I imagine, rather crowded in mid-summer—are soft and golden. Fish stalls line the front, with prawns, sea urchins and live octopus (given an occasional jab with a knife to prove it), and the whole place smells deliciously of salt, tar and iodine. I liked the Esplanade, a new, small second-class hotel with rocks to swim from and dancing. The Palace is the plushy one, still on the beach but away from the fish stalls, etcetera.

In Palermo itself are numerous hotels of varying categories, but the leader is the huge luxury-class Villa Igea, slightly out of town, with private rocks for swimming and dreamy gardens. It is expensive, has a profligate variety of terraces and bars plus an open air night club, and an ambience of pre-1914. It must indeed have catered for the Leisurely Classes of the day, as one surviving member of them told me with some nostalgia. Palermo, however, makes a very satisfactory base, especially for people who do

not want to spend all their day on the beach. It is an exotic, palmy city with, quite apart from its museums and churches and palazzos, a wonderful Opera House and some good restaurants, notably the Caprice, which is very new but clearly destined to become a classic.

Lovely drives from Palermo are either over the hills and down to the classical site of Selinunte, on the south coast, or along the north coast via Segesta to Erice, of which I wrote last week. Erice is for those who appreciate the soundless and the solitary; it is a beautiful little coronet of a town, so high that even in midsummer the heat could never be oppressive. It has streets so narrow that cars must be parked in the piazza, and after that you walk the half-mile perimeter of the town almost as on the battlements of a castle, or lose yourself in its enchanting medieval alleyways. Cyclops, a restaurant with an open terrace and a heavenly view, is good for lunch, and to stay there, there is the cluster of curly tiled cottages which comprise the "tourist village" (the equivalent of a good second-class hotel) among the pines. Incidentally, a cable railway takes one quickly down to the main city of Trapani and a quite reasonable beach.

It is unfortunate that along the whole of that most lovely bit of

coast running from Palermo eastwards via Aspra and Solunto to Cefalu, there seems to be virtually nowhere to stay until the Jolly in Cefalu itself. Just the same, if quiet beach and fishing-boat life are what you want, you could hardly better it. At Trabia, just outside Cefalu, is the Vetrano hotel and beach establishment which I would rate as very fair for a family holiday, if rather isolated for anything else to do but swim.

Taormina, as resorts go, is undoubtedly the *bonne bouche* of the island. Lying like a lizard in the sun against the steps of the Greek theatre, with the sea glinting through a gap in the proscenium, and the soft slopes of Etna glowing white behind, it is almost too good to be true. Inevitably, one cannot expect this to be a solitary pleasure except possibly at dawn. Taormina's beauty and its understandable popularity have made it slightly self-conscious, and one might perhaps regret the *weinstube* and the English Teas. It was originally a winter resort, and its beach was not so much the object as its gardens, its climate and the view from its rocky heights down to the sea. Now it is virtually an all-year-round resort in which to spend undemanding days down on the beach (gloriously clear water if rather gravelly sand), the evening in shopping and meeting along the main street, and the small hours in one or other of the night clubs. The choice is not only among some 80 hotels and *pensione*, but also whether to live up on top and go down to the beach to swim, or to live on the beach and come up in the evening to the cafés. The San

Domenico, in the middle of the town, but isolated in its glorious gardens, is one of the leading hotels of Italy. Converted from a monastery, it is quietly luxurious with impeccable service. Other good hotels are the Excelsior, the Miramare and the Timeo. On the beach, the Sant Andrea is friendly, comfortable and rather old-fashioned. The Stockholm an excellent one. And there is another attractive tourist village with its own open air night club which, in summer, is practically the hub of the town. Nearby, the Pescatore restaurant has good fish and I also enjoyed the excellent little restaurant Angelopoli in the town, which, as so often in Italy, puts on far better and more interesting food than even the best hotels; or have we only our Anglo-Saxon selves to blame for the utter emasculation, in these establishments, of local cuisine, in favour of an eternity of soups and veal chops?

I have not touched on Messina and Catania, in that they are not strictly resorts; but neither is more than an hour and a half's drive from Taormina. Messina is worth it for an extremely interesting museum, its cathedral and its little Catalan church; Catania, because it is a city and can slake a certain thirst after too long spent beachcombing. It also has one of the island's best hotels, the Excelsior. Alitalia's convenient daily flights link it with Palermo, and the two cities can be treated on a round-trip basis from London: £66 11s. day tourist return, or £40 13s. mid-week night. In that Sicily enjoys superb late spring weather, this latter fare represents one of the more reasonably priced passports to certain sunshine.

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THE TATLER
29 MARCH 1961



FIXED anything up for Easter? If not, let me recommend Aldermaston this year. It's good exercise; you'll probably get your picture on the television; and all the best people will be there. In my set, at least, the annual Aldermaston march is one of the great social occasions of the year. "Well, see you at Aldermaston," we all say to one another, confident that, even if we don't encounter one another before then, we'll be certain to come face to face on the march somewhere.

What's so nice about Aldermaston is that it's so well equipped; it makes protesting a real pleasure. Some

THE NEW EASTER PARADE

Actually there are two of them this year, one starting from Finchingfield and the other from Aldermaston. KEITH MONEY went to Aldermaston to photograph the people who somehow always get overshadowed by the marchers—the inhabitants.

MALCOLM BRADBURY says that for a real holiday kick a good march like this takes some beating

marches can be drab and depressing affairs, with babies crying, and people sleeping overnight in ditches, and dysentery going around, and the group with the banner getting sent back by the police. But Aldermaston isn't like that at all. It has the best jazz bands—always a big attraction, this, for *our* group (as a friend of mine remarked: "What I like about Aldermaston is that it's one of the few places in England where you can hear really good jazz"). There are food wagons, mobile toilets and ambulances for people with blisters, and you can always get baby-sitting—a big draw to the young marrieds.

In short, Aldermaston is to our group what Ascot is to the Establishment. You can even get dressed up. Anaraks and jeans are formal Aldermaston wear, and if Moss Bros. really have their finger on the pulse of things you'll doubtless be able to hire them there. The whole thing is such *fun*. The police are so nice; you have busloads of tourists come to watch you; and the knowledge that you are holding up a line of cars as far back as Wales makes you feel you're really *saying* something to people.

That's what I call marching... as opposed to the debased marching you so often encounter nowadays—marching indulged in by people who aren't protesting about anything at all. Dr. Barbara Moore may have a word or two to say about nutrition, but there have been a lot of marchers on the classical, or basic, John o' Groat's to Land's End trek who haven't anything to say about anything—who have, in fact, been doing it for the publicity or, worse still, the money. One can only call it a craze. In medieval Europe it was the Dance of Death, and in America in the 'thirties it was flagpole-squatting. Most recently in England it has been marching. It is difficult to see why, and I can think of only two possible reasons. One is that it is a reaction against the motor-car, and the other is that, in England, if you want to get from one end of the country to another, it is quicker to walk.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Signpost in Aldermaston village points towards the focus of all the trouble: the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment. Another sign of modern upheavals in this ancient village is that the manor house, nearby Aldermaston Court, is now occupied by Associated Electrical Industries

Aldermaston willows make cricket bats for the London firm of Stuart Surridge. Mr. Martin Cooper and Mr. David Luker, who fell and split the selected wood, observed that the marchers don't seem to be cricketing types: "Riff-raff and foreigners mainly—but one can't help having a chuckle sometimes"



Part of my irritation with the new fever comes from the fact that, to the serious marcher, it is both insulting and confusing. When I was at university, marching really *meant* something. We'd all sit around in the common room, in that fallow, tired moment after lunch when you can't quite make up your mind what to do with the rest of the day, and someone would say: "We could go to the pictures." Someone else would say: "Or maybe we could have a march." Then some person with a talent for compromise would say: "We could march down to the pictures." And a few minutes later you'd see us, wearing duffel coats and tight black trousers, stepping it out along the main road, and trying to decide, on the way, just what it was we were protesting about.

Nowadays marching has been debased, and more than one dedicated marcher, separated from his group in the Midlands somewhere, has tagged on to the back of the wrong march and found himself in Land's End instead of

Village store and post office is run by Mr. Heighton, who points to a tiny neon sign in his window that has brought local complaints of causing insomnia. He declares: "A few more of those marchers might wake these locals up!" His wife recalls trouble with a Russian one Good Friday. "Got his foot in the door and demanded to use the telephone"



THE NEW EASTER PARADE

continued



Aldermaston church has parts dating from 1170. The Rev. Stanley Young, seen in the Lady Chapel (1300) with the tomb of Sir George Forster (1533), has revived many picturesque customs. He believes Berkshire would be sorry to lose the atomic station: "It is of considerable rateable value to the county"

The Aldermaston pottery sells no souvenirs to the marchers. Says Mr. Geoffrey Eastop: "Pots are the last thing they want to lug about with them"

at the missile base he was headed for . . . in the midst of a crowd of people who aren't trying to alter the *status quo* at all. The low point of marching, the final insult to us all, came last year when Mr. William Butlin, our English Walt Disney, organized a mass march with large prizes for the winners. They were doing it for money.

Actually, it seemed to me, as an admittedly interested observer, that the thing was not entirely a success as a march, though it certainly succeeded in casting the spotlight on Mr. Butlin for a while. For one thing, the entry list, you'll remember, was enormous; almost everyone in the British Isles who wasn't doing anything that week joined in. And what a gallimaufry they were! There were people pushing babies in push-chairs; there were men dressed in bowlers and city suits, carrying umbrellas and briefcases; every eccentric and layabout in the country joined in.

One simply couldn't call it marching. The contingent,

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 651

THE NEW EASTER PARADE *concluded*

The Old Mill hotel continues serenely undisturbed by nuclear disarmament agitation. But Mrs. Evelyn Arlott, who runs it with the help of her daughter and son-in-law, recalls that four of "them" did once turn up for lunch



Mr. Robert Howman runs the Hinds Head hotel. His experience of the marchers: "Most of them seem to use the lavatories. And of course a few come in here screaming for coffee and sandwiches before plodding off"



more than 500 strong, set off from north Scotland and began to terrorize the countryside, chasing chickens and ravaging orchards. Some produced bicycles they had thoughtfully hidden in ditches along the way; others began to hitch-hike. There was a universal lack of dedication. Some revealed that they were in the last stages of pregnancy and needed care; others disclosed that they were jobless and were counting on Mr. Butlin to support them until they found gainful labour. Some went from town to town on the route seeking national assistance and saying, when asked their trade, "I'm a marcher." I'm told that one chap managed to sneak in a small banner saying DOWN WITH THE POTATO MARKETING BOARD, but if so he was the only

one who cared. The others just destroyed our profession completely.

Well, as I've said before, protest these days is so fashionable that no sooner do you start a style than everyone imitates it. And that's how it was with marching. As soon as everyone started to take it up, I bought a car. It's funny how your attitudes change. You know, thinking about Aldermaston again, I'm not sure I shan't cut it out this year. For one thing, it won't be easy to find a place to park. And then there are too many pedestrians about anyway, without encouraging them to band together in groups. You can't help respecting those chaps for their principles, but you must admit—they do block the road.

Unilateral Una

I'm going out tonight with Ronnie Smith and Derek Carston.

You don't know them? Well, they live in Potters Bar,

And we're travelling together in the march from Aldermaston

On the thirty-first so could we have the car?

Now, Daddy, don't be silly! It's a legal demonstration—

You appear to think it's just a sort of brawl.

There'll be triple-headed babies in another generation.

Can't you feel the need, the rightness of it all?

How can you fail to recognize the truth behind our banner,

And the seeds of the millennium taking root?

Oh, I hate it when you laugh in such a patronizing manner.

You're a beastly, bitter, cynical old brute!

No point in my explaining it, but anyway, we're going.

Think of *you* for once? You never think of *me*!

Never think of my embarrassment, with everybody knowing

That my father's a Conservative M.P.

FRANCIS KINSMAN



Safe passage for balloons: Miss Renate Stappert, a pupil at the French Lycée, held them high above the crush

EASTER FAIR

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

Perhaps because Easter fairs are so much rarer than Christmas fairs people turned up in throngs at the Chenil Galleries. There was an Easter fair there to benefit the International Social Service (the money will go to training social workers). Another good drawing point: Mrs. Hanbury Tracy Domvill and Lady Ampthill ran a country-produce stall crammed with things that are expensive in the shops at this time of year.

Lots of people helped out in kind. The Countess of Limerick, President of the Service, brought an armful of greenery and a bag of vegetables. Lord Moyne of the brewing family sent four dozen bottles of Guinness,



Miss Katharine Acland, Mayor of Chelsea, with Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias, who opened the fair



Mrs. W. S. Dawson (wife of the Assistant U.S. Naval Attaché) who did the fair's décor, is served by Lady Summerscale



Viscountess Kilmuir and her sister, Miss M. Harrison, looked after the Bottles Stall

and Mr. Humphrey Whitbread an assorted collection of miniature bottles for the bottle stall. This was run by Viscountess Kilmuir and her sister, Miss M. Harrison. The women shoppers didn't seem to have as much interest in the bottles as they had in the vegetables. A pity the Harrison girls couldn't have had brother Rex along—they'd doubtless have wound up selling squash at champagne prices.

Mrs. Roger Jackling, the fair's chairman, got all the three- and four-year-olds she could find and gave them baskets full of posies and money boxes ("the money goes in my tin so there is no change"). "A small child



Members of the Association of Polish Women in Exile and the Relief Society for Poles managed the Polish buffet



Mrs. John Harington, Miss Mary Talbot and Miss Judith Keppel at Miss Ong Lengchou's bran tub

with a money box is the never failing way to melt pocket books," Mrs. Jackling said, explaining her tactics. Even tots are capable of tycoonery, I noticed. Mr. Jackling (he's Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office) was asked to pay 1s. 6d. for a boutonniere by his godson, Richard Mason, aged four. Unfortunately for Richard (not to mention Mrs. Jackling) a younger tycoon got in and undersold him by a shilling.

Mrs. William S. Dawson, Mrs. Bowden Smith, and Dame Margot Fonteyn (she opened it) were others who helped the fair which will go on longer—and in bigger premises—next year.

Muriel Bowen



A dead heat as three horses clear the open ditch jump in the Open Race at Crowell



Miss Annabel Lewis and Miss Susan Robson. The meeting was run by the H.B. Saddle Club and Cavalry Club



Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt., rode his Hyde Park II



Mrs. J. R. Henderson, with Joanna

Muriel Bowen's social notes

The **Queen** will spend Easter at Windsor where the flowers are out in a profusion which the gardeners hadn't expected until the first week in May. She and **Prince Philip** plan to be there about a month.

Socially an early Easter seems to be a stay-at-home holiday. "We're all just going to fall back flat and hope the weather lasts," confessed **Lady Barlow** (actress Margaret Rawlings). Working in London all day (committees mostly) and motoring back to Wendover in the evenings (38 miles) to cook dinner (the cook is convalescing), she feels in need of a rest. Débutante daughter Jane likewise—she's taking lessons in dancing, voice production, modelling and typing, plus parties in the evening. But as her mother asks: "If you don't do all these things at 17 when *do* you have energy to do them?"

Lady Browning (authoress Daphne du Maurier) expects a quiet Easter down at their place in Cornwall, "unless my son, Christian comes down from London." He's in TV. "My husband" (Lieut.-General "Boy" Browning) "does a lot with Civil Defence now, but I don't expect there will be anything on to do with that." It's been a good 20 degrees cooler in Cornwall than it has been in London, she told me. There's a sharp east wind and the Browning boats are still waiting their seasonal coats of paint.

When I talked to the **Duchess of Leeds** she was just rushing off to the Royal Academy with a drawing—it was selection day for the Summer Exhibition. "We're so exhausted from moving, we're definitely staying put for Easter," she told me—they've moved flat seven times in London since last summer. "We take flats for short periods, hoping each time that my husband's convalescence will soon be over and that we can return to Jersey. Now the doctors think it will be in the early summer."

Home, too, for Marshal of the Royal Air Force **Lord Douglas of Kirtleside** & Lady Douglas—but for different reasons. "We're just back from Cortina and Venice and we shall be abroad again most of May," she told me. Their daughter, Catherine, aged three and a half, has now flown 40,000 miles. "We want a cosy weekend at home. My husband will be

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HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE STEEPLECHASES

Mr. N. J. Cunliffe-Lister won the Saddle Club Race



Major D. R. Daly and the Heavyweight Race cup he went on to win



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Easter eve

*Monks sweep the basilica of St. Francis in Assisi
in preparation for Easter worship*



Photograph by GERTI DEUTSCH



The English garden loses heart

by Sylvia Lamond

THE ENGLISH GARDEN where somebody lost her heart was all sunflowers and hollyhocks drooping heavy heads against sun-warmed brick walls . . . a wisteria or a white jasmine clinging to the house . . . border flowers in a soft sprawling patchwork of colour. And somewhere the greyish bloom of Anne Hathaway lavender, the colour of the English sky and the English temperament. But that was long ago. The last time I saw anything approaching the world-wide idea of a lovesome English garden filled with flowers and scent and nature, was at Wisley—the Royal Horticultural Society's trial gardens in Surrey, a sort of museum piece.

In our cities and suburbs—and more and more in the country too—the English garden (or perhaps just the English gardener) has lost heart. So instead of the scenes that have inspired poets and cushion embroiderers for centuries, what you see now is just an immense lawn. Or even a paved patio with a pair of tiny bay trees in tubs.

People still rush to buy olde-worlde cottages in rich-soil counties like Sussex and leafy Bucks (and go to endless expense preserving ingle-nook fireplaces and weary timbers) but they want nothing olde-worlde about the garden. I saw a beautiful thatched cottage in Wiltshire one recent overcast Sunday and it had an unbelievable front garden. It was completely flagged in Mediterranean pink, with a small lily pond, a statue and a painted bench where the weary householder could flop for a cracking view of a busy main road.

The hard-surface garden is a new and important trend. It can look like a Spanish patio without the sun, or an

Where the English garden still flourishes: Leonardslee and (opposite) Wakehurst Place, two of the largest privately owned gardens in the country. Leonardslee, near Horsham, belongs to Sir Giles Loder, Bt., who opens the gardens to the public some days during April and May. Wakehurst Place, near Ardingly, is the Sussex home of Sir Henry and Lady Price, who have won prizes for their camellias and rhododendrons

American backyard without the barbecue pit. Either way, it's as un-English as you can get. Even more important is the "blanket" lawn. "That's all the English gardener of today really wants," one leading nurseryman told me. "A big square bowling-green around which he can put a few showy bedding plants."

Now, I find this all rather sad. We were so good at gardens. Every Englishwoman had lavender in the linen cupboard and jugs of flowers from her own garden all over the house. It's a pity that we now prefer a geometric stretch of close-cropped turf outside the back door. It's a real shame that

English summer Sunday mornings are becoming hideous with the phut-phut and traffic smell of motor mowers, the hiss and clank of water sprinklers.

Not that the disappearance of the traditional English garden has brought any less interest in gardening as an activity. Far from it. A recent inquiry among sales executives, for instance, showed that gardening was their top "hobby"—with golf a poor second. Nurserymen and seedsmen too report excellent business all over the country. What has happened is that the Englishman has gone overboard for what he believes is the labour-saving garden. This is of two kinds: the hard-surfaced area (which we will now dismiss from this context altogether) and the big all-over lawn, with a small show of bedding plants. The theory of this last is that once the lawn is laid it only has to be cut. And once the plants are bought (in boxes and on the point of flowering) they only have to be popped in. Thus there is no comparison between this and all the work involved in keeping up the old combination of perennial flowers, annuals and shrubs.

Or so thinks the modern weekend gardener. But is he really saving himself so much work? I've been talking to the experts about cultivating a good-to-look-at lawn, and here's what they say:

You must cut it once or twice a week (that's a two-hour job for a start.)

It should be spiked all over in spring so that air can get down to the roots. There are machines on the market to do the job, but it's best done with a hollow-tined fork (whatever that is) making holes at foot intervals at least six inches deep.

Then, of course, there's the compost which has to be spread all over and persuaded down into those little holes that you've made with the hollow-tined fork.

Raking is most important. If you haven't done yours by now the dead roots of winter are strangling the young grass.



J. E. DOWNWARD

Have you trimmed your edges yet? Fed and weeded your labour-saving lawn? The gardening experts I talked to were all agreed on one point—a splendid lawn does not just happen. It's hard work, as lots of lawn-proud men discover as nature takes her course.

Side by side with the cult of the well-manicured lawn has grown the enthusiasm for bedding plants. Set out in their formal rows, not a leaf out of place, they look every bit as intimidating as artificial flowers. There's a terrific rush this season for the exotic, brazenly-coloured foreign plants. In America and Japan especially they are besotted with the idea of hybridization to produce bigger flowers of more startling colour. A good example is the African Marigold, native to Morocco, bred in America to look like a *carnation*!

The old-fashioned English gardener whose love-in-the-mist always looked like love-in-the-mist would be thunder-struck if he leafed through today's seed catalogues. He was used to such simple flowers—real flowers that grew year after year, not bought in a box to last like a woman's hat for one season. He grew his lupins and delphiniums, golden rod, peonys and pinks and all the other perennials. He didn't worry too much about a precisely perfect lawn (unless he had six gardeners). He edged his grass plot with chunks of irregularly shaped stones and the aubretia and prolific yellow alyssum tumbled over the stones. Geometric shapes were out. Nature was in.

The question now is this. Is there such a difference in time and labour, between maintaining an old-fashioned garden and the Lawn-with-African-Marigold type? The great news I've been building up to is that *there need not be!*

The nurserymen get little joy out of helping us achieve our velvet lawns and salvia-spiked plots. They bemoan the passing of the big houses with gardening staffs. But they see no serious obstacle to a revival of the English garden on a miniature scale.

These are the points they make in its favour.

1. The best English flowers are perennials, and once planted they are there for a long time.
2. Much research has been done in this country into breeding miniature versions of the old favourites, suited to smaller gardens. An example is the delphinium, once a seven-footer, now a handy back-of-the-border flower, standing between three and four feet.
3. These smaller plants need less staking—the bugbear of the old herbaceous border. A few branching twigs put in when the plants are young stops them flopping.
4. Weeding is minimized. When the ground is packed with flowers, there just isn't room for weeds to thrive.

That's an impressive foursome in favour of the old-time English garden. Added to all that, these flowers are cut-and-come-again varieties. Take an armful into the house and the garden still looks full of flowers. This is something you absolutely cannot count on if you go in for a bed or two of the lawn-lovers' current favourite flower... the F.¹ hybrid multiflora petunia.

Give me the garden where I can pick a nosegay. One thing in this life I'm sure of. I shall never want to pick a nice bunch of F.¹ hybrids.

(For news of labour-saving equipment for both kinds of gardener, turn to page 673).



Mr. G. S. Thomas, who is responsible for the National Trust garden

The R.H.S. held its first rhododendron show of 1961

SPRINGTIME COMES TO

The Hon. Mrs. Spender-Clay

Mrs. Lionel de Rothschild





Lady Loder whose garden at Leonardslee is on page 656

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHEA SIEVEKING

WESTMINSTER

Mrs. Stephenson Clarke



Lord & Lady Aberconway, who won prizes in seven classes

Lady Mairi Bury was a prizewinner for the Mount Stewart hybrids



Muriel Bowen's social notes CONTINUED FROM PAGE 654

working on his autobiography. He's sure to want lots to eat, and he may potter about in the garden."

Lady Foot, who has a house on the estuary of the Tamar down in Devonshire, is "longing for Easter"—the last family reunion before daughter Sarah marries on 13 May. There will be Paul (recently elected President of the Oxford Union), and Benjy and Oliver back from school. **Sir Hugh** is expected back ("utterly exhausted") on Easter Sunday, after a three-month lecture tour in America. Which reminds me that the **Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy Macmillan** will be spending Easter in Jamaica—Sir Hugh's last post as Governor before he went to Cyprus.

It's so warm in Jamaica at this time of year that I'm told the most popular occupation of guests at King's House—where the Macmillans will stay with the Governor, **Sir Kenneth & Lady Blackburne**—is to doze in the sunken garden after Sunday lunch. From their suite Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy will look out over deep purple bougainvillea-clad walls to mountains of vivid blue. Indoors there's a swimming pool.

Other travellers: **Viscount Bruce of Melbourne**, 78, has been telling friends that he's taking his brand-new Humber to the Continent for the holidays. **Lord Bingham**, too, plans to travel to the Continent with his car. Mr. **Charles Clore** will be in Tel-Aviv, and **Sir William Holford** (of the plan for Piccadilly Circus) flies to Johannesburg to visit his mother and other relatives.

An unusual Easter awaits **Lady Astor of Hever**, who will be presiding at a family table on board the Queen Mary. Her son and daughter-in-law, the **Hon. Gavin & Lady Irene Astor** and their five children will be with her. They are going out for the 150th anniversary of the founding of Astoria in Oregon.

Sir Noël Bowater, the former Lord Mayor of London, & **Lady Bowater** are already in Sicily and they will weekend in Malta before returning to London on Tuesday. They usually go to Switzerland for their winter holiday but this year they decided to go farther south. Mr. **John Profumo**, the War Minister, also leaves for Malta over the weekend—but on official business. His wife will go too, if she can get an airline booking.

Baron Bentinck, the Netherlands Ambassador, and his wife and Stevan, their son, are going to stay with the **Hon. Thomas & Mrs. Hazlerigg** at Sandwich. Their daughter, Henriette, will stay next door with the **Hon. Michael Astor**. The Baron will golf while his wife hopes for tennis. "In London," she told me, "it's so hard to find a club which isn't terribly booked up ages in advance."

Countess Jellicoe is another with out-of-town plans. She is taking her four children to Gloucestershire where they hope to enjoy themselves at a house by a river.

Working over the Bank Holiday: the **Philippine Ambassador**, M. Guerrero, who tells me that it isn't a holiday in his country. The Monday will be the one day of the holiday that Mrs. **Mirabel Topham** is taking off. She's going down to Goodwood to watch motor-racing from the **Duke of Richmond & Gordon's** box.

CONFERENCE AFTER HOURS

Socially it will go down in history as the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference during which dinners and

luncheons spent more time on hotplates than was good for them. Chefs fretted; the Prime Ministers talked on.

Prince Philip got to the dinner given by the Australian High Commissioner, **Sir Eric Harrison**, before Mr. **Menzies**, the Australian Prime Minister. Mr. Menzies, a couple of floors above at the Savoy, was whipping on his white tie. Similar story at the dinner given for Mrs. **Bandaranaike**, Prime Minister of Ceylon (the other Prime Ministers all refer to her as "Mrs. B."), by Ceylon's High Commissioner, Mr. **Gunasena de Soyza**. **Earl Attlee** (looking thinner than usual, but then he's been away in India lecturing), **Viscount Simon** and many more had their glasses charged and recharged by anxious waiters as the minutes ticked by. Relief was visible as the Prime Minister eventually arrived in a gilded sari.

DR. VERWOERD CALLS TWICE

Getting to Buckingham Palace for the dinner given by the Queen and Prince Philip, the cars of **Archbishop Makarios** (his face as immobile as a waxwork) and **Dr. Verwoerd** sped under the glass awning outside the Palace door with only minutes to spare. The South African Prime Minister had called on the Queen earlier to ask her approval of his decision to leave the Commonwealth. It sounds ridiculous. "Protocol" was the official explanation.

At the dinner the Queen in a silver-and-gold-patterned sheath dress sat with Mr. **Nehru** on her right, Mr. **Menzies** on her left. Mr. Menzies, a cricket fanatic (his wife **Dame Pattie** told me that following the scores often keeps him up most of the night), has a new hobby. He's taken up painting, and during the conference he found time to talk about it to Mr. **Thorneycroft**, the Minister of Civil Aviation, whose one-man show I described a few weeks ago.

The Prime Ministers, so numerous now, were divided up between 11 different tables. Interspersed among them were the **Duke of Kent**, Miss **Katharine Worsley**, simply dressed without a tiara and wearing strings of pearls; the **Earl & Countess of Home**, Mrs. **Hugh Gaitskell**, the **Princess Royal** (whose station-wagon stood out among the Rolls-Royces) and **Sir Alexander & Lady Clutterbuck**. The multi-racial Commonwealth, so long no more than an idolized tradition, must have appeared as solid reality to **Princess Margaret** and Mr. **Antony Armstrong-Jones**. Sitting with them were Dr. Verwoerd and **Tunku Abdul Rahman**, Premier of Malaya.

The reception given by the Commonwealth High Commissioners at the Guildhall was more like a family party, with lots of relations gathered from far-away places. "Hello, how nice to see you again—we haven't met since we rode in the same carriage at the Coronation," said **Lt.-Gen. Yousuf**, the Pakistan High Commissioner to **Lt.-Gen. Sir Edmund Herring**, Lieutenant Governor of Victoria. **Sir Norman & Lady Brook** were flitting from one lot of familiar faces to the next. So were the Lord Chief Justice, **Lord Parker of Waddington & Lady Parker**, Mr. **Reginald Maudling**, President of the Board of Trade, & Mrs. Maudling, and Mrs. **Pandit**. The **Earl of Incheape** was being asked about his recent visit to India and **Sir John Barlow**, M.P., about his short stay in Ceylon.

A warm bonhomie pervaded the atmosphere. Dr. Verwoerd, with easy charm, stood for a long time chatting amiably to a young diplomat and his wife from Ghana. Everybody else, perplexed, pretended not to notice.

YOUNG FAMILY

Lord & Lady Edward FitzRoy's children are Joanna, four, and Michael (this page, with his mother), two. They live at Norton near Norwich, where Lord Edward FitzRoy rears broiler chickens

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARRY SWAEBE

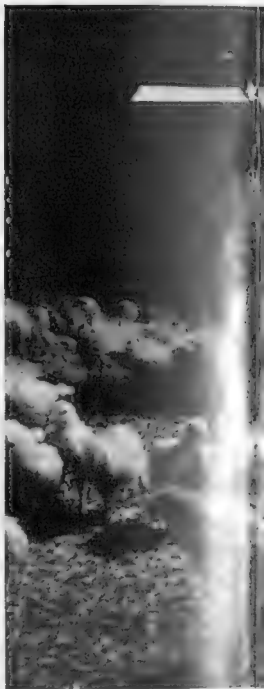


Norton House has a large garden. Kicking a polka-dotted ball about is Joanna

YOUNG FAMILY *continued*



A break from bonfire-building to strip bark from an old tree. Below: Another distraction. A demonstrator brings a Rotavator to show father



And there is always the fl... broiler house where 6,000

After luncheon, you can watch mother eating hers through the window



Dressing up for a trip to Loddon village with mother and nanny



Sandy, the children's pony, is a great sport, though obstinate. Sometimes he wanders into the house



The fluffy pleasure of the 100 chicks are reared



Father helps Joanna with a problem. He is the younger son of the Duke of Grafton

Bathtime and bedtime. Her parents say good night to Joanna. Below: Michael brandishes a toy fish



LORD KILBRACKEN

A sport that's something special

THE BOAT RACE WILL BE ROWED ON SATURDAY, which is also All Fools' Day. I suppose there may be many who will find this appropriate, because no one who has never himself taken a thwart in a top-class boat, or even a middle-class boat, can even begin to understand the fascination and satisfaction of propelling oneself backwards up a river with untold expenditure of energy. Oarsmen, to them, must be All Fools all year—there's no close season for rowing. But *we* of course know better. We don't even require the psychologist's alleged explanation that we are trying to return to happy pre-natal safety, entirely surrounded by water and with only the regular beat of our mother's heart to comfort us.

I'm happy that I have rowed in my life in three fine crews. At Eton, I'm ashamed to say, I played cricket for my first four-and-a-half summers, but this did not prevent me from rowing in the VIII in my sixth and last. We were a fast, light crew, and we would have won the Ladies' Plate (or so we consoled ourselves, not without justification) if a certain Cambridge college had had the courage and ambition to enter for the Grand: they beat us rather easily in the semi-final. That was in '39, and it is a sombre thought that only three of us, I think, were alive six years later.

War had broken out by the time I made my blushing first appearance, some three or four months later, at Balliol, whose rowing fortunes at the time were not particularly bright. However, it was decided, for reasons which have never been clear to me, that the college boat-clubs should coalesce in pairs for the duration, and Balliol amalgamated with Trinity, her neighbour and most deadly rival for unnumbered generations. (It was as in many wars: your traditional enemy becomes suddenly, overnight, your most trusted and gallant ally—how sense-

less it all is!) The Trinity-Balliol boat, which was only three-eighths Balliol, was a really fast one: we started Head of the River and were never remotely challenged.

Back at Oxford five years later I didn't really mean to start rowing again, but I made the mistake one evening of wearing a pink tie in Hall—I hope I need not mention that this had no *political* significance. Anyway I was consequently waylaid by the Boat Club secretary, and propelled more or less forcibly to the Balliol barge next day. The result was that I rowed 7 in Torpids that term (and also, the term after, in Summer Eights)—it's no good trying to explain to mere laymen the joy of rowing 7 in even a reasonably good crew, and wet-bobs will know already, so I'll say no more.

Soon after Torpids, some three weeks before the Boat Race, 5 in the Oxford boat went down with a septic hand. I, in a moment of glory, was invited to substitute. Now 5 is at the real centre of an eight's power-house, and he is usually (as are 4 and 6) at least a 13 stoner. I then weighed precisely 159 pounds—exactly the same as today, incidentally, just 15 years later. This meant that I usually rowed bow or 7. But the coach did not wish to disturb the established order of his crew, so he put me in at 5, though I was a good stone lighter than anyone else in the boat.

The crew was training from Henley and was just approaching peak performance. Transferring to it from a moderate "togger" was like changing from a Morris 1000 to a Cooper-Climax, and being compelled to drive it immediately at 140 m.p.h. The punch, drive, power, rhythm and speed, even as we paddled away from the Pink Palace, were nearly frightening. There is no other sport or game from which any kind of comparison may be drawn because, as an integral and central part of a crew working in

unison, I could not afford for one fraction of a second to make a mistake, to take it easy, to relax my concentration. And so, as might be expected, I rowed better than ever before—and next day I was happily "subbing" again.

I knew that if 5's hand remained septic for perhaps ten days, I would have a better-than-even chance of remaining in the crew and achieving my 20 minutes of ephemeral immortality between Putney and Mortlake. I knew also that the entire medical resources of Oxford University, which were not inconsiderable, were battling against me. I had five outings altogether, each more exciting than the last; then, despite my prayers, medical science triumphed and I was relegated to the towpath.

Who, you may ask, will be victors on Saturday? The perceptive reader may have noticed that I am inclined to be slightly prejudiced on this particular subject, and will not be surprised if I plump confidently for Oxford. But I utter a warning: I have a most unhappy memory of a far-off boat-race which was also rowed on All Fools' Day and with disastrous results. It was the year I was the school bookie at Eton, and I felt much more confident that term than I do today that the Dark Blues would win. It was almost, I believed, a foregone conclusion. I therefore made my book in such a way that I would win the really incredibly large fortune of £12 if I was right, and lose the even larger fortune of £17, or thereabouts, if I were wrong. The result wouldn't be known till after Morning School.

"Who won? Who won?" I shouted.

"Cambridge," they said.

I couldn't believe it. I thought it was an April Fool. But *I* was the fool—and it took me almost to Ascot to get my money back. So I'll be careful on Saturday: history can repeat itself, even on the river, in most expensive ways.

STRIPES FOR SUMMER

PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

MICHAEL DUNNE

Summer clothes and summer gardens go together but they'll clash if you try to copy the flowers. It's safer to aim for contrast and that's easily achieved by taking advantage of the current rage for cool, crisp stripes. Version here by Marcus is of wistaria and white striped satin cotton with great pearl buttons to make it easy to step into and a stiffened self-belt to ensure a tidy waistline. Buy it at Derry & Toms, W.8; McDonalds, Glasgow; Marshall & Snelgrove, York; price: 8 gns. The natural straw suncheater hat comes from Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge; price: £1 11s. 6d. Background for contrast is a part of the garden at Sissinghurst Castle, Kent, laid out and restored by Sir Harold and Lady Nicolson (the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West) from the wilderness that surrounded the ruins of the vast Tudor manor house they bought in 1930. Sissinghurst gardens are open to the public during the spring and summer. The Nicolsons have a cottage in the grounds

Slim line of this practical sheath dress of Terylene is emphasized by vertical stripes of tan and white with a sash tie belt at the gathered waist. Made by Sambo and on sale at John Lewis, Oxford St., W.1; G. H. Lee, Liverpool; Heelas, Reading, price: £5 19s. 6d. Shady hat of natural straw with nigger bobbles



comes from Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge, the price: £1 11s. 6d. In the background a broad grass avenue flanked by fruit trees and daffodil beds gives a sweeping approach to the Tudor tower of rosy red brick—almost all that remains of the castle built by Sir John Baker before 1550

Framed in the gateway of the Tower (opposite) Jean Allen's dress of tan, grey and white striped cotton satin. Sleeveless and self-belted, the dress has an intricately worked hem and is worn with its own attached petticoats. From all branches of Cresta Silks; Joans Ltd., King St., Manchester; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh, price: 9½ gns. White straw pull-on hat from Harvey Nichols Little Shop, price: £1 1s. Stone-flagged path bordered by 10 foot yews leads to a second arched gateway in a building which formerly housed the stables, breewery, bakehouses and other domestic quarters of Sissinghurst

**STRIPES
FOR
SUMMER**

continued



STRIPES FOR SUMMER

continued

Sun dress by Marcus, of cool peppermint green, mauve and white striped cotton is sleeveless, low-backed and has a broad stiffened self-belt. With it goes a brief matching bolero. On sale next month at John Barkers, W.8; Bobbys, Eastbourne; Bainbridge, Newcastle, price: 8½ gns. The hat of deep violet plaited straw is from Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge, price: 1 gn. Sissinghurst moat in the background is now a haven for Muscovy ducks





Shirt and slacks by Estrava have stripes to match the woodland scene. They are woven of cotton in shades of steel grey, bronze and black. Both tapered pants and shirt are at Fenwicks, Bond St., W.1; Joshua Taylor, Cambridge; Harvey's, Guildford, 3½ gns. each. Burnt broom straw hat from Harvey Nichols Little Shop, 1 gn. The avenue of Kentish cob trees was restored by the Nicolsons when they bought the castle in 1930

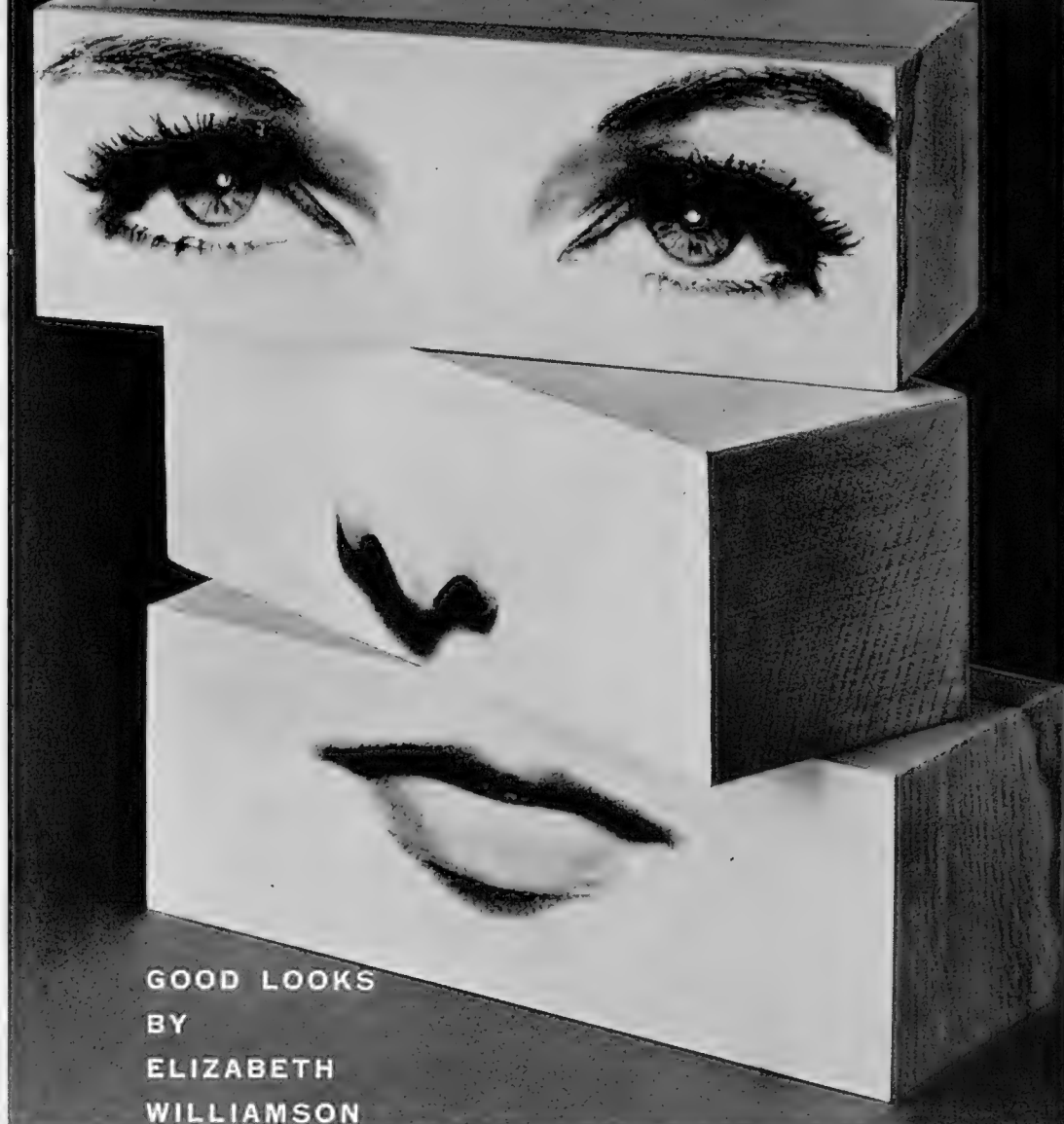


Three-piece from Byroter is in hard-wearing washable Courtelle with a fine blue stripe woven into the closely-knit white jersey. The sleeveless white blouson of the same fabric is edged with the striped material and the straight skirt has a back kick-pleat. At Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore St., W.1; Hendersons, Liverpool; Cockaynes, Sheffield. The price is 18 gns.

**STRIPES
FOR
SUMMER**

concluded

Two-piece by Polly Peck is in cotton with tan and white horizontal stripes. The long bloused top is worn over an all-round box pleated skirt. On sale next month at Derry & Toms, W.8; Brights, Bournemouth; Kendal Milne, Manchester, price: £6 12s. 6d. The Sissinghurst gardens are open to the public from 25 March to 30 October, admission for adults 1s. 6d., and for children 1s.



BARRY WARNER

MAN-MADE FACES

There's a limit to what make-up will do. It will cover up minor flaws but a basic structural face-fault takes more than a pot of foundation to camouflage it. It needs the sure and scientific techniques of the plastic surgeon. Today there's no operating-room mystique shrouding surgery. The facts for and against will be given to you straight by the surgeon contemplating the operation. But the odds in favour of a successful rethinking of a nose, a sagging jawline, are usually favourable.

Most frequent flaw in an otherwise good-looking face is the nose. It is either too big or too small. Bobbing it is fortunately the simplest operation at the plastic surgeon's fingertips. The cost depends on whom you go to, and just what needs to be done, but £100 is probably an average. The surgery is done inside the nose and lasts for 1½ hours under general anaesthetic. Recuperation time hovers around two weeks, and after that the newly-shaped nose will take at least three months to assume its final shape. Post-operative beauty care needs some help immediately after the operation (Katherine Corbett is at hand for this) but the new nose will quickly settle down.

The most sensational and expensive of the facial operations is the face-lift which firms sagging facial contours. It is admittedly expensive because of the length of the operation and the convalescence. And it *might* need doing again after five years. But its advantages are the disappearance of any excess skin around the jawline, cheeks and forehead, producing a generally more youthful look to the face. Surgery takes around 2½ hours under a general anaesthetic and 45 is about the right age to contemplate this operation.

Smaller but no less deadly enemies of good looks are under-eye bags, crêpey eyelids and an over-full chinline. All will yield to the surgeon's skill.

Before embarking on surgery, though, it is well to consider how far the imperfection is influencing your life. The nose you think too long, too thin, may be the feature that gives character to your face. And a new one is going to change the look of your face *completely*. It will alter the relation of eyes to mouth; it will revolutionize your profile. But if it's really worrying you, spoiling your peace of mind, then the surgeon will help you weigh the fors and againsts impartially.



Let's move into the lounge!

Two rooms or one? Fit the mood or circumstance with a **SUPERFOLD** collapsible partition. Choose from the 120 washable leathercloth finishes in patterns and textures to suit every taste. **SUPERFOLD** is finger-light and smooth to operate, unobtrusive when open and the most attractive convenient means of room conversion.

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Sooner or later you'll buy a HAYTER

... because there is a range of Hayter models to suit every requirement, catering for the small garden to the large estate

18 inch HAYTERETTE

There will be no grouches about grass with the Hayterette hand-propelled model which can tackle the most untidy growth even when it's wet; this means no cutting restriction because grass is long or weather unsuitable. Cut when it suits your convenience, cut the awkward places against trees or on edges, leaving a lovely green even turf without spiky bits. Do-it-yourself blade sharpening or simple inexpensive replacement. Rotary action cutter blades hinged to obviate damage. Easy cutting height adjustment. Rustless frame. Powerful four-stroke motor with recoil starter.



ONLY £33 NO PURCHASE TAX

24 inch Model

Illustrated is the Hand-Propelled 24 in. HAYTER SCYTHE powered by Villiers' four-stroke engine. A clean cut gives the greenest grass and Hayter cutting blades are easily sharpened, quickly replaced and inexpensive. Hayter motor scythes have four special hinged blades free to swing full circle against obstructions. The highspeed rotary action gives over 10,000 razor-like cuts per minute ensuring rapid recovery and lush green turf.



26 inch Model

The 26 in. self-propelled HAYTER Scythe with four-stroke 4½ h.p. engine and roller drive, wheel or roller trailer seat attachment extra if required, puts pleasure into the heaviest work. The wheel drive model is for really steep banks and exceptionally rough ground. There is also a 30 in. cylinder mower attachment for the 26 in. models.

Write today for details and literature.

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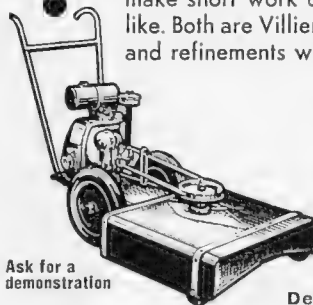
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Rough & Tough but easy enough — with an ALLEN SICKLE

A choice of two rotary type cutters, quality built by the makers of the World's Finest Motor Scythe, will quite literally make short work of wild grass, weeds, fern, docks and the like. Both are Villiers powered and incorporate many features and refinements which put them in a class of their own.



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ALLEN

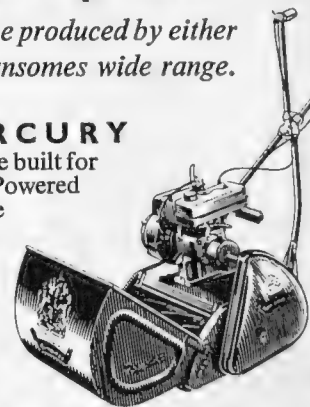
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Luxury mowing! at down-to-earth prices

A velvet-smooth finish can be produced by either of these machines from Ransomes wide range.

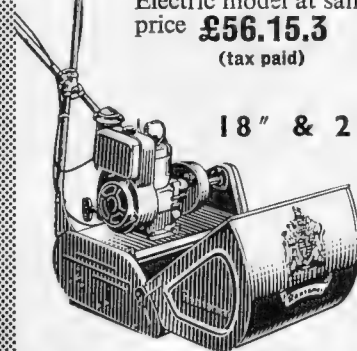
16" MERCURY

(Right) A robust machine built for years of perfect cutting. Powered by famous 75 c.c. 4-stroke Villiers engine. Finger tip controls and easily manoeuvred. Electric model at same price **£56.15.3** (tax paid)



18" & 20" MARQUIS

(Left) A deluxe motor mower for the connoisseur, amply powered by a 117 c.c. Clinton 4-stroke engine. Fingertip controls. Two-piece land-roll with differential action.

18" £74.1.9 (tax paid)**20" £89.0.6** (tax paid)**Ransomes**

Ransomes Sims & Jefferies Ltd • Orwell Works, Ipswich



Self-propelled cultivator, the Rotogardner 125. Latest in the Shay range. Four-stroke engine and impulse starter make it easy to operate. Specially tempered steel tines will break up any soil. £67 complete.



PHOTOGRAPHS: PRISCILLA CONRAN

Motor mower—the Ransome Marquis with either 18 in. or 20 in. cut. Engine is a Clifton 4-stroke, 117 c.c. Also available as electric mower. Prices: motor mower, 18 in. £74 1s. 9d.; 20 in. £89 0s. 6d. From Godfrey's and agents.



For full-bloom groundwork . . .

mechanical muscles

by Minette Shepard



Metal wheelbarrow—light and strong with pneumatic tyres. Capacity, 8 cubic feet, £15 4s. 6d. from the Army & Navy Stores. This one is fitted with a Barroscreen for sieving soil, a labour-saving gadget that will fit any barrow—34s. 11d. from Woodman's, Pinner.



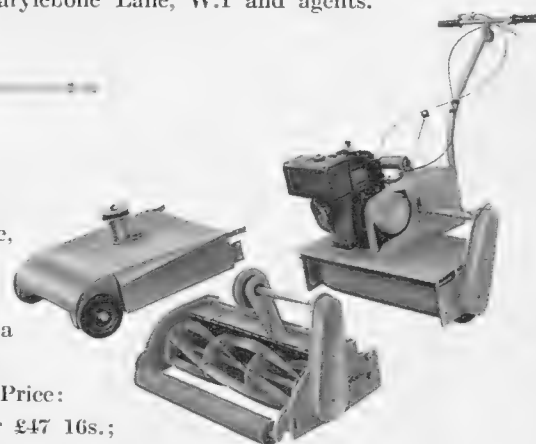
Self-propelled motor scythe. Allen's Universal with two or four-stroke Villiers engine.

Attached is a spray tank (20 gallons), with hose and four foot lance. All attachments just plug in. Main body, £98 15s.; spray tank, £23 10s.; spray pump, including standard equipment, £39 4s. 6d. From Godfrey's, Marylebone Lane, W.1 and agents.

Self-propelled 26 in. Hayter Scythe, for gardens on a grand scale. Villiers 4-stroke, 265 c.c. engine, three-speed gear box, kick start. Cutting height adjustable, blade replacements 15s. Can be converted to a 30 in. cylinder mower with a roller.

Other attachments available. Price:

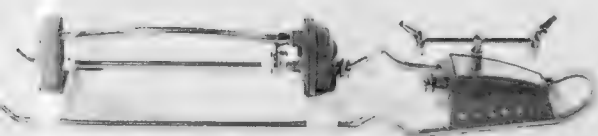
£119 10s. Cylinder mower £47 16s.; grass box £7 15s. From Godfrey's, A. T. Oliver & Sons, Luton; Robert H. Andrews Ltd., Sunningdale.



Battery-driven electric mower, by Webb and new on the market. Has advantages of electric mowing (no mess, fumes or noise), without the disadvantage of trailing cable.

Works are weather-protected, there is a two-piece roller and dual drive.

Batteries re-chargeable by usual means or by a Webb special. Prices: 14 in. cut, £58 19s. 5d.; 12 in. cut, £48 19s. 10d. From all large stores and hardware shops.

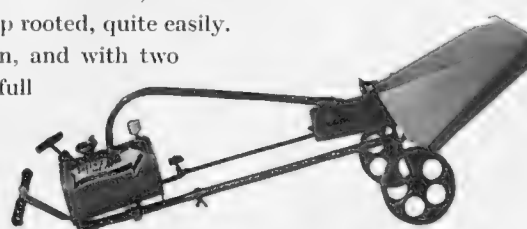


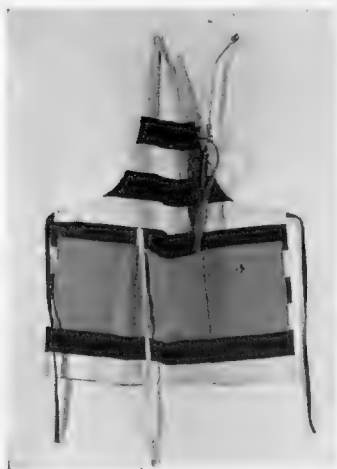
Sprinklers from America in the Everrain range. *Left:* this will cover 2,400 square feet, has a dial for reducing range, and also a tiny polythene plug for unblocking the sprinkler holes. *Right:* this covers a 50 ft. diameter and has adjustable nozzles. Both come on sleds. Prices: £6 7s. 6d. and £3 12s. respectively.

Flame-gun on wheels, the Sheen-X.

Destroys weeds, surface or deep rooted, quite easily.

Tank holds one gallon of paraffin, and with two pumpings, the gun will work at full pressure for one hour on this. The hood tilts back for lighting. Price: £12 17s. from Harrods.





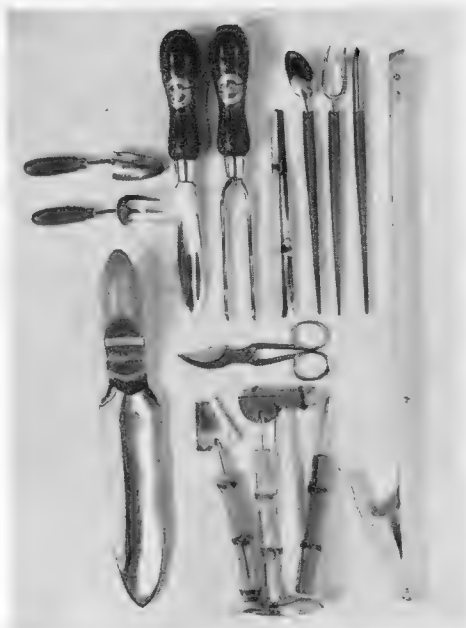
Fibreglass pot by Terence Conran, in white, black or stone on metal stand. £6 10s. to order from Heals or Maples. Left: Striped gardening apron with tool pockets & dog clip for secateurs, 39s. 6d. Libertys. Spray for bushes & shrubs, 35s, Rasseys, Earls Court Road

The massed look from the flower show is the thing in indoor plants now. The single straggling ivy is banished.

FULL BLOOM AHEAD!

by Ilse Gray

In its place comes the basketful of bulbs, the shelf-ful of mixed pots, the jardinière jammed with fern, flowers, ivy and so on. Containers can be do-it-yourself—a pretty footbath, a brass fender, even a Victorian wicker pram can be pressed into elegant service. Grouping is the gimmick, but the practical touch is to combine plants that like the same amount of watering or sunshine

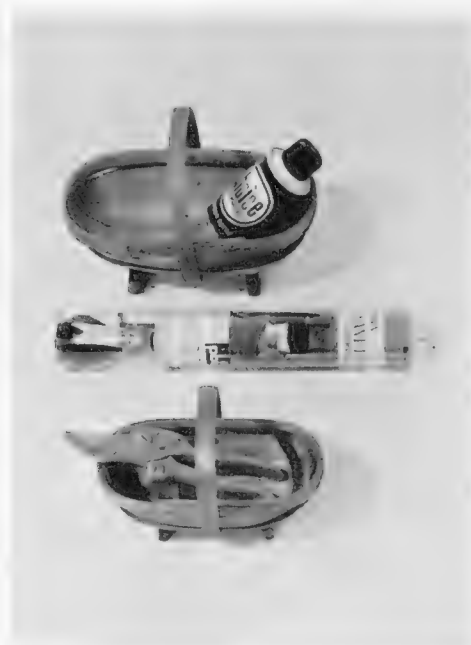


Cacti fork & trowel, 7s. 6d., Carters. Skelton rockery set, 24s., Harrods. Staywell widger, 3s. 9d., Carters. Indoor set, 35s., Libertys. Flower Handicut, 27s. 6d., Carters. Measuring trowel, 17s. 6d., Rasseys. Scissors, 9s. 9d., Libertys. Stand, 18s. 6d., Harrods

Above, right: Insecticide aerosol spray, by Durazone-Choice, 2s. 11d. P.B.I. Gaypal pack, containing Baby Bio fertilizer, miniature spade-rake, dusting sponge & booklet on indoor plants, 5s. Trugs, 8s. 3d. & 10s., all Carters

Right: Seeds, Rock Gardening and Quali plastic clips & labels (10d. for 12), all from Carters. Ornamental House Plants and Modern Indoor Gardening from booksellers

- 1 White painted metal what-not with glass shelves £7 10s. and up. To order from The Chintz Shop, 25 Walton Street, S.W.3
- 2 Whitewirework jardinière, £12 10s. from a selection of originals and copies at The Chintz Shop
- 3 Red lacquer what-not, 7½ gns., Elizabeth Eaton, 25a Basil Street, S.W.3
- 4 Italian terracotta pot and saucer, 15s., Rasseys, Earls Court Road
- 5 Hand-painted footbath, £9 10s., The Chintz Shop
- 6 Wooden jardinière in black metal frame, £7 10s., Libertys
- 7 Cane log basket on metal stand, 10 gns., Libertys
- 8 Victorian curved brass fender, 16 gns., Elizabeth Eaton
- 9 Fibreglass jardinière simulating lead, comes in two sizes: 3 feet, £4 18s. 6d., 2 feet, £3 18s. 6d., Rasseys



Big Ben, by Bernard Buffet.
(Galleries, page 681)



ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

The Lady from the Sea. Queen's Theatre. (Margaret Leighton, John Neville, Andrew Cruickshank, Michael Gwynn, Vanessa Redgrave.)

It's still pretty fishy

I RECALL ONLY TWO REVIVALS OF *The Lady from the Sea*, written in 1888, in recent years. Each gave me the same impression. Ibsen had, for once, got hold of a story which he found intractable. This is an impression that Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's new production at the Queen's beautifully corrects.

The earlier renderings that misled me, I see now, failed for lack of thoroughness. Mr. Shaw perceives quite clearly that there is indeed a want of proportion between what is poetic and what is prosaic in the story, but by treating all the diverse elements with equal care he demonstrates triumphantly that they can be brought into a most satisfying unity.

The story (you may well need to be reminded) is of a pampered and bored doctor's wife living among the steep hills at a Norwegian inland port whose passionate craving for freedom leads her to believe that she is a mermaid strayed from the ocean depths. Her obsession is embodied in a strange seaman who comes and goes. His eyes change with the changing of the tides. He terrifies and fascinates her with the claim that, years before, he plighted his troth with her by flinging his ring, together with hers, into the sea and that according to this rite she is

bound to him and to the sea, which is her natural element.

Ibsen gives a compelling poetic quality to this curious obsession, causing us to ask ourselves if the woman who divides her waking hours between her bathing-van and the sea may be in truth an amphibian and what is the nature of the Stranger's power over her—hypnotic, mystical, occult?

So strongly does the poet in Ibsen create an aura of the supernatural that if the producer concentrates on the mermaid and her merman at the expense of the other characters the exorcism of the lady's obsession is bound to come over as a flat anticlimax. For all that happens is that once her doctor husband has been driven to give Ellida freedom to choose between him and his mysterious rival, all the fear and fascination she has felt for the unknown vanish. They are seen to be the childish fancies born of lack of domestic occupation. The distinction of this production is that it treats the play as a whole and puts the lady with her strange illusions into proper relation with the rest of her family, her deeply worried husband and her neglected stepchildren.

This procedure enables Miss Margaret Leighton and Mr. John Neville to make all that legitimately can be made of the fantastic side of their relationship while subtly preparing us for the time when the 19th-century sociologist thrusts the poet aside to show that a little sound psychology is all that is required to blow portentous, morbid imaginings sky-high.

Miss Leighton in a performance composed of fine acuties gives this directorial line complete validity. She makes it clear from the first that the wan, troubled lady is oppressed by fancies too powerful for her to bring under control, but that part of her mind is always open to the possibility that they may be after

all no more than a sick obsession. Her terror and ecstasy in the presence of the Stranger when he makes his first appearance are the furthest points she permits herself to reach in direct poetic suggestion.

Thereafter the brilliance of her performance consists in the subtlety of her descent from a woman possibly supernaturally possessed to a woman whose morbid hallucinations are curable provided that the right remedies are applied. Mr. John Neville is just right as the ambiguous seaman about whose murder of

his captain there is no sort of ambiguity, and Mr. Andrew Cruickshank is no less right as the well-meaning, deeply troubled husband whose patient sanity is his wife's salvation. The young people are usually made figures of period fun, but studied patiently they come out as quite understandable adolescents whose absurdities belong to no particular period.

Mr. Michael Gwynn is excellent as the tutor and he and Miss Vanessa Redgrave are both touching and pathetic in their odd courtship.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

The Rat Race. Director Robert Mulligan. (Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds, Jack Oakie, Don Rickles, Kay Medford.)

The Sins of Rachel Cade. Director Gordon Douglas. (Peter Finch, Angie Dickinson, Roger Moore, Errol John.)

The Fiercest Heart. Director George Sherman. (Stuart Whitman, Raymond Massey, Ken Scott, Rafer Johnson, Juliet Prowse.)

So tough on Mr. Kennedy

THERE IS PROBABLY NO REASON in the world why I should worry about President Kennedy—who almost certainly never worries about me—but, all the same, I do. I think Hollywood is doing him wrong. Like, I mean, lousing-up the tourist traffic, y'know?

Here's the President trying to help the tourist trade along: sorta untightening the regulations

Left: Debbie Reynolds licks a lolly and muses on the perils of *The Rat Race* (reviewed below)



John Neville as the Stranger, and Margaret Leighton as the wife, in *The Lady From The Sea*, (reviewed below)

and cutting down on the formalities—making it easier for visiting firemen like you and me to go over there and spend our dough, y'know? Pretty nice, eh? So there you are jingling the fare in your pocket (and there I am *not* jingling it), and thinking that—now you don't have to state your grandmother's pat middle name, date and place of birth, pigmentation, political views and all that jazz—you'll nip over to New York and brush up on your Americanese beat-talk. So what happens?

So you go to see *The Rat Race* and suddenly it strikes you that New York is strictly a place to stay away from, unless you feel you'd enjoy being snubbed by hotel clerks, bullied by taxi-drivers, browbeaten by cops, and robbed right, left and centre. Nope. This sort of movie is not going to bring the tourists in, the way the President wants—now is it? Hollywood's just not being co-operative.

Mr. Tony Curtis, an innocent musician from Milwaukee, is caught up in the rat race the day he sets foot in New York. He finds himself (chastely) sharing a room in a cheap lodging house with a flat-broke girl, Miss Debbie Reynolds—because he's too soft-hearted to let the shrewish landlady (Miss Kay Medford) chuck her out for being behind

with the rent. Miss Reynolds is disillusioned and cynical: she was "Miss Cha-cha-cha" of 1958—but where did that get her? Up to her ears in debt. She promises Mr. Curtis the great metropolis will take him for a ride, and it does.

He is "conned" into buying a mink cape which turns out to be made of wart-hog, or something—and all his cherished instruments (alto, tenor and soprano sax., clarinet and flute) are pinched at a bogus audition. As a result, he won't be able to take a job with a dance band on a luxury cruise. Miss Reynolds is so sorry for Mr. Curtis that she raises a loan and buys him a new set of saxophones. Mystified and touched, off he goes on his cruise. He doesn't know that to get the dough Miss Reynolds has promised to give her all to her hideous employer, Mr. Don Rickles, a pimping dance-hall proprietor, who will "carve" her if she reneges.

Fortunately Mr. Curtis returns in the nick of time to save her face and her virtue—at the expense of a beating-up and all his worldly possessions. So now he's as broke as Miss Reynolds. The film is too old-fashioned (rather 1930-ish) to let despair prevail and the couple join the "beats"—but happy ending or no, it can't be considered as much of an advertisement for New York, tourist-attractionwise.

Back to President Kennedy. He has, I believe, appointed somebody as Minister for African Affairs. I wonder if Hollywood took the trouble to consult this gentleman before throwing on the foreign market two films concerning the Dark Continent? Somehow I think not—as the subject matter of both could cause offence in some quarters, and the timing of their release might be construed as a rather tactless attempt to cash in on the present crucial and tragic African situation.

The first, *The Sins of Rachel Cade*, is set in the Belgian Congo in 1940. An American missionary nurse, Miss Angie Dickinson, comes to Dibela, an isolated village where she lives alone among the superstitious natives whom she hopes to convert to Christianity as well as to cure of physical ills. Mr.

Peter Finch, excellent as the Belgian district administrator, warns her she has taken on a dangerous job. He also warns the natives not to harm "madame" (charmingly pronounced "ma-dame"), or "the soldiers will come and shed the blood of those who do". (Such a threat gives the impression that Belgian colonialism in 1940 was somewhat out-of-date.

Where the witch doctor (Mr. Woody Strode) and the high priest (Mr. Juano Hernandez) of the local god are held in awe, the old beliefs die hard but Miss Dickinson wins patients—by the well-worn method of successfully operating on a sick child—and, through her goodness and sincerity, makes many converts. For this the high priest lays a curse upon her: his god shall shake her faith in her God and she shall live in torment.

It is a cunning curse, for Miss Dickinson is an idealist whose conscience can be relied upon to torture her if she falls below the high standards she has set herself—and being young and human, she falls. She who has preached chastity sins against it—with a self-centred young American doctor (Mr. Roger Moore) who seduces her during his brief stay in Dibela, and leaves her to bear her shame and an illegitimate child alone.

Her Congolese converts show her nothing but kindness—they judge not, that they be not judged; but Miss Dickinson judges herself, with a severity that condemns her to everlasting unhappiness. One foresees, from the ending of the film, that the sentence will one day be commuted: Miss Dickinson is so appealing that one devoutly hopes so. There is a fine performance from Mr. Errol John as her Congolese house-boy. Indeed all the acting is good. I do not know if the implied reflections on the Belgian administration are justified or not—but they seem to me unnecessary.

The whole of *The Fiercest Heart* is unnecessary. It tells a completely unconvincing story of South Africa in 1837. A group of Boer farmers, rebelling against "the tyranny of the English" are trekking to "the Promised Land"—territory which,

one gathers, they intend to wrest from the Zulus. They are joined by three deserters from the "English" army—and one of our perfidious race becomes the unlikely hero-leader of the Boers. This is a nasty piece of work all round—and dull, into the bargain.

The airman doctor (Roger Moore) is the downfall of missionary nurse (Angie Dickinson). At bottom: Col. Derode (Peter Finch) the district administrator. From *The Sins of Rachel Cade*



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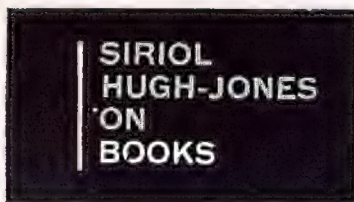
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A Motley to the View, by Marigold Armitage. (Faber & Faber, 15s.)
Four Voices, by Isobel English. (Longmans, 16s.)
Wolfbane, by Pohl & Kornbluth. (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)
Marilyn Monroe, by Maurice Zolotow. (W. H. Allen, 25s.)
Zsa Zsa Gabor, by Gerold Frank. (Barker, 21s.)

The hell with grandeur

IF THE OBJECT OF WRITING—a difficult, lonely and dispiriting business at the best of times—is to produce a masterpiece, come what may, one can only be thankful that now and again someone thinks the hell with it and turns out a sprightly light novel with no pretensions to grandeur whatsoever. Marigold Armitage has done just that. Most of the action of **A Motley to the View** takes place in rather grand dilapidated houses in Ireland, and the novel is therefore strangely old-fashioned, sentimental, and a bit out of touch with what are sometimes called Significant Contemporary Issues. The scene has been covered before by Somerville and Ross, and many of the characters talk in Mitford-dialect.

The key to the plot is a film to be made in Ireland by a demented American director (I thought from time to time I recognized him, but this may indeed apply to one or two other characters for those who know the location) and the narrator, a playwright turned scriptwriter. (The narrator is to me the book's only serious flaw, since I feel an inexplicable unease in the face of books written by women in the person of a man; and, to be fair, vice versa.) Hunting occupies large amounts of narrative, and there is an extended description of a disastrous hunt that made me laugh out loud—for a steady reviewer, to admit as much is as astonishing as John Knox confessing to drinking before breakfast.

Most of the female characters are radiantly beautiful and witty, most of the men are paragons in their way, and at least one of them, clearly too good for this world, is as gallant and heroic as something out of the vintage years of Dornford Yates. I had a fine time with the book, and found it explained clearly why Ireland is so often the Englishman's—not to mention the American's—dream of home.

At one point a character in Miss English's novel says: "... I

can only assume that the greater the number of opportunities to escape are missed, the stronger the forging of the bond between people," which seems to me an explicit statement of the theme of the book. The narration is divided between the four chief characters, two of them women who have both been married to the third, a seedy failure called Penry. The book is beautifully written, often with an edgy, bitter wit and always with compassion for the characters. By the end I was full of admiration and at the same time conscious of the vague, nagging, probably quite unjustifiable feeling of irritation I suffer from when women novelists harp, intelligently and with any amount of sensibility, on the "bond between people" and at the same time cut them off almost completely from the outside world.

Wolfbane is truly the only piece of Science Fiction I have been able to read to the end with continuous pleasure, and must therefore contain some simplifying element I cannot at present isolate. It is set in the future, though it's not hard to read contemporary satire into it, and concerns the rebellion of some more or less human-type beings called Wolves against some abominable things called Pyramids. Admittedly I went off into a deep trance when things became too technical, but if only all SF were like this I might make more progress. Kingsley Amis, Chairman of the Board of SF Examiners, rates Pohl about as high as you can get, so I am pleased to have twigged so easily so much of the book's content.

Marilyn Monroe is a faintly creepy biography of America's poor little dreamgirl who, it has been said rather glumly, can look sexy eating mashed potatoes. Mr. Zolotow collects many fascinating stories about her, as indeed one might expect after six years' research, and reaches the thoughtful conclusion that "hers is an unquiet heart." I am not wholly convinced, however, that 333 pages are not perhaps a few too many for those pretty shoulders to carry. There are many nice snaps of Miss Monroe, in mink, tears, a high wind, her slip, and the absolute altogether.

For those who fancy high life among the stars, **Zsa Zsa Gabor** is an altogether more cheering volume. It is written as if by Miss Gabor herself, but the biographer is in fact Gerold Frank who is clearly the sort of man who fears nothing. Miss Gabor enjoys life to the full, trying with housewifely zeal to sort out the men in her life and sometimes popping out to dine all in pink with "my diamonds to make me sparkle." The book's star supporting player is Mr. George Sanders, who idles about dropping knife-edged epigrams and, having left home, lies in bed watching TV Westerns and missing

the sandwiches and milk that Miss Gabor would always have on hand to keep him tranquil.



Third Stream Music, by the Modern Jazz Quartet & Guests
Standards in Silhouette, by Stan Kenton
The Legendary Buster Smith
A Buck Clayton Jam Session
Very Saxy, by Coleman Hawkins, Buddy Tate, Arnett Cobb & Eddie Davis
Bing & Satchmo
Pepe, by Bing Crosby & others

Not a third stream, please!

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, UNDER the leadership of pianist John Lewis, has decided to adopt composer Gunther Schuller's ideas in creating **Third stream music** (SAH-K6124). Schuller's a french horn player, has worked on both sides of the fence, and seems to have a better knowledge of the fusion of two fundamentally contrasting mediums than most writers who dabble in the jazz/classic field. In two pieces, **Da capo** and **Finé**, the quartet is joined by the Jimmy Giuffrè trio; the two jazz families marry happily but unemotionally to produce the best jazz-like tracks of the album.

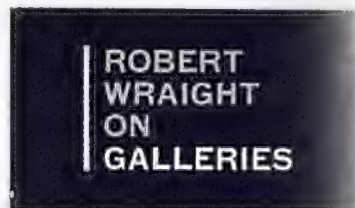
Lewis's piece **Exposure**, has the full Schuller treatment, with five classical soloists added, but the inevitable is achieved in the shape of a clinical, soulless sound that I can only describe as dressed-up chamber music. More important sounds are heard in the two tracks where the M.J.Q. is supported, perhaps even guided, by the Beaux Arts String Quartet. Schuller contributes **Conversation**, designed for the strings to create tension that the more informal jazz instruments break. Subtle and intelligent use of pizzicato by the strings predominates throughout. The whole album is ideal for those with monastic tendencies, but it is not designed for my jazz-impelled turntable.

When it comes to reducing the jazz content of a composition to the minimum, few people are more successful than Stan Kenton. His **Standards in silhouette** (ST1394) can only be described as pretentious big band music, providing employment for some 18 men. In the mainstream idiom, a modest eight musicians lend to **The legendary Buster Smith** (LTZ-K15206) the

charm and simplicity that is inherent in this sort of music. I will not claim that Buster Smith's performances are out of the ordinary, but they possess a lighthearted swing that takes me back to his days in Kansas City, when he worked with the Blue Devils, along with Basie, Lester Young, Jimmy Rushing and others who have their roots in the mainstream. Of course there is a reissue of Buck Clayton's **Jam session** (BBL7446), that no one who does not already possess it can afford to pass by.

As I write, I am listening for the umpteenth time to a tenor saxophone marathon, **Very saxy** (32-117), in which veterans Coleman Hawkins and Buddy Tate do friendly battle with "youngsters" Arnett Cobb and Eddie Davis. This is no cutting contest, but a logical hard-blowing session, in which the heat generated is like a breath of spring sunshine. As all four soloists either influenced or were influenced by Lester Young, it is appropriate that one of the best tracks is **Lester leaps in**.

Moviegoers and others will enjoy **Bing & Satchmo** (MGM-C-844) which consists of a series of witty duets by these incomparable entertainers. The name of Crosby also appears in the mixed bag which is embraced by the film music from **Pepe** (NPL28015). I cannot hope to mention the pack of stars who give tongue in pursuit of Cantinflas, but they are all top-flight artists in their own rights.



Victor Pasmore, New London Gallery.
Bernard Buffet, Lefevre Gallery

The slapdash and the facile

LAST WEEK I WENT TO VICTOR Pasmore's show at the New London Gallery and I didn't know whether to cry or laugh. I am still wondering whether I should think of it as a tragedy or a joke. But before I say more let me tell you briefly something about this artist of whom Sir Herbert Read has said, "Pasmore's conversion to Constructivism has been the most revolutionary event in post-war British art."

He was born in 1908 and educated at Harrow School. From 1927 to 1937 he worked in the Public Health Department of the London County Council while studying art at evening classes and painting at weekends. In 1937 he was "dis-

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EDWARD QUINN

EDICTS *continued*

covered" by Sir Kenneth Clark who helped him to become a full-time painter. After a period under the influence of Fauve, Cubist and abstract painters he had begun to paint sensuous nudes and impressionistic interiors and landscapes that earned him high repute.

Then suddenly in 1947 he turned to abstract painting again, and in 1951 went the stage further to three-dimensional constructions, the form of art that has largely occupied him ever since. In 1954 he was appointed Master of Painting at Durham University, where he has developed new methods of art teaching and has worked with architects on the revolutionary design of Peterlee New Town.

In art circles Pasmore's apostasy of 1947 created a sensation (and also started a chain of similar "conversions" to abstraction) for he was not only a successful representational artist, but also an exceptionally good one.

To those who knew his work well, the change was neither surprising nor illogical, but it might have been expected that he would turn abstract-impressionist.

Instead he began to paint whorls and spirals and stripes of colour, reminiscent at times of both Klee

and Van Gogh, and to introduce elements of paper collages into his work. Though praised highly in some quarters (but not particularly in this one), these paintings were soon to be abandoned for his present "purer" form of abstract painting and for "construction."

Personally I regretted the loss of Pasmore the impressionist but I have never doubted his integrity or ceased to try to understand what he is doing.

All the same I am appalled by the quality of most of the things in this exhibition. If ever there was a show that supported the mistaken but popular idea that all contemporary painting is slapdash, this is it.

My first impression was that the whole thing was intended to be a burlesque of the geometric sort of abstract art that began with Malevich and Mondrian, and found a distinguished British follower in Ben Nicholson and its logical conclusion in Constructivism. Predominantly black and white, Pasmore's paintings consist in most cases of a few stripes painted with the aid of a straight-edge or stencil and of lines incised into the white-painted background. But there are trickles and smudges along the edges of the stripes and the incised lines are ragged scratches made with a pencil.

An unpublished picture taken at Vauvenargues, his Provencal chateau, of Pablo Picasso who recently married his 35-year-old model, Mme Jacqueline Roque. Picasso, now 79, uses Vauvenargues as a work-room and storehouse—locals call him The Marquis—but lives mainly at Vallauris, the Riviera village where he makes his ceramics

In the relief constructions—usually of strips of wood arranged on board or transparent plastic—the pieces are often roughly cut and carelessly painted.

It may be argued that simply because we are accustomed to see a high standard of "finish" applied to this sort of art it need not always be so and that the roughness and carelessness make the objects more lively. But I find them difficult to reconcile with Mr. Pasmore's statement that: "... the artist can resist mechanization, not by reasserting handcraft, but by using the machine and transcending it."

Or by using a straight-edge clumsily and making smudges?

This exhibition seems all the more regrettable to me because what the artist has to say about this development in art is so much more lucid, clear cut and un-smudged than anything I have read from other sources.

France's male "BB"—Bernard Buffet—was in this country for only three days, we are told, making sketches for the 12 London

townscapes and the view of Windsor Castle now at Lefevre's. All are large canvases and it looks as though all of them were painted in three days.

By reference to the catalogue in which each is reproduced postcard size one realizes that they are simply not very exceptional topographical drawings done on an unusually large scale and in a medium not usually associated with such things.

Individually they have an initial impact that derives from confidence and strength of line. But collectively, so much facility smacks of trickery and a meretriciousness epitomized in the six-inch high signature prominent on each.

Almost all are entirely in black on white, with minimal touches of colour on Thames barges and patches of grass. So much black lends a degree of brooding drama to St. Paul's, Parliament, Tower Bridge and the Docks. But it makes Windsor Castle look more like Wandsworth Gaol, and the Tower of London like a toy fort.

MOTORING

Has the big car had it?

Gordon Wilkins

I WAS LUNCHING THE OTHER DAY with someone whose income has recently soared into regions associated with success and he said: "My accountant has just told me, 'You'd better start spending some money; otherwise you're going to pay the earth in income tax and surtax. Why don't you buy a bigger car?'" Now here was a man who covers a large mileage on business but he just doesn't want a bigger car. . . .

"What's the use of a big car?" he said. "It doesn't spell prestige any more. Everyone knows that a large car can hardly ever be bought out of income; it has to come out of business expenses. And firms that want prestige from their transport are now buying aeroplanes.

"Besides, if the government

doesn't take the money in income tax and surtax it will collect it in purchase tax and petrol tax. My running costs will go up, I shall have endless parking problems and I shan't get around any faster."

The last two points I could certainly support from my own experience, particularly as I had just driven up to town that morning in a Miniminor, hotly pursued by a Facel-Vega and a Continental Bentley. I had passed both on the way because I could use smaller gaps in the traffic than they could. Over large parts of England it is now difficult for a large car to keep up with a well driven small car of good performance.

This certainly does not mean that there is no place for the quality car in the future; it simply means that it will have to evolve on more compact lines, as the American car has begun to do. I have just been looking at a film record made of my speedometer as I drove one of the

new E-type Jaguars out of town through moderately heavy traffic. The speedometer needle was oscillating wildly between 60 and 110 m.p.h. as the Jaguar's compact size and terrific acceleration enabled me to exploit every gap in the traffic stream. Given really swift acceleration and reasonable dimensions, you can use high speeds even on British roads, though you can never maintain them long.

The trouble with so many big cars is that their basic proportions have remained unchanged while the designers of small cars have been making enormous strides in fully utilizing interior space. Some of the small cars now offer more useful passenger space than some of the big ones. The extreme was reached on the big American cars of two or three years ago, when the search for low, racy lines produced passenger compartments with restricted headroom and cramped rear legroom, sandwiched between long bonnets and luggage trunks. The man who took his accountant's advice then and bought a "bigger" car often got the same passenger compartment with a larger engine and a still longer luggage trunk.

Already it is possible to discern a thinning-out of the big-car ranks. In recent years the Armstrong-Siddeley, the Humber Pullman, the Delage, the Delahaye and the Talbot have disappeared (while on the other side of the Atlantic the big Edsel and the revived Continental flopped, and Packard and De Soto have gone). It may be said that some of these are primarily

meant for people who can afford to employ a chauffeur. But there is more to it than that, as I found last summer when working for a film company which sometimes put a chauffeur-driven limousine at my disposal. *This*, I thought, is the life; until I found that the chauffeur expected me to help him in finding somewhere to park the thing.

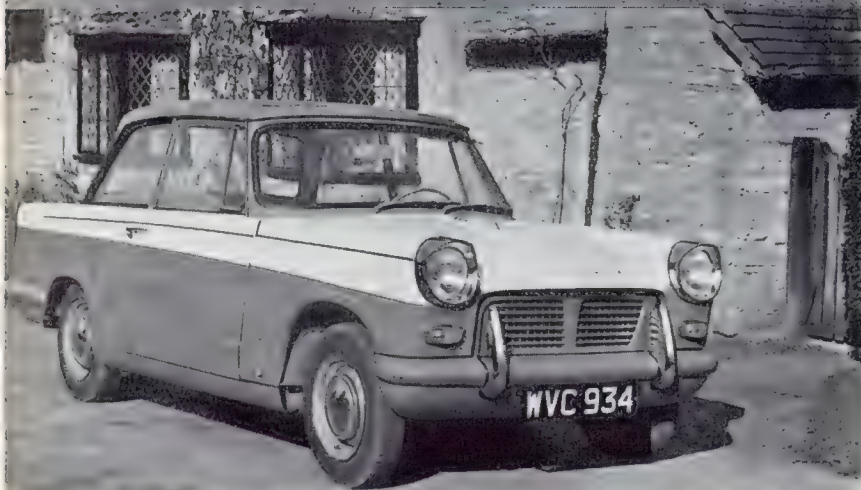
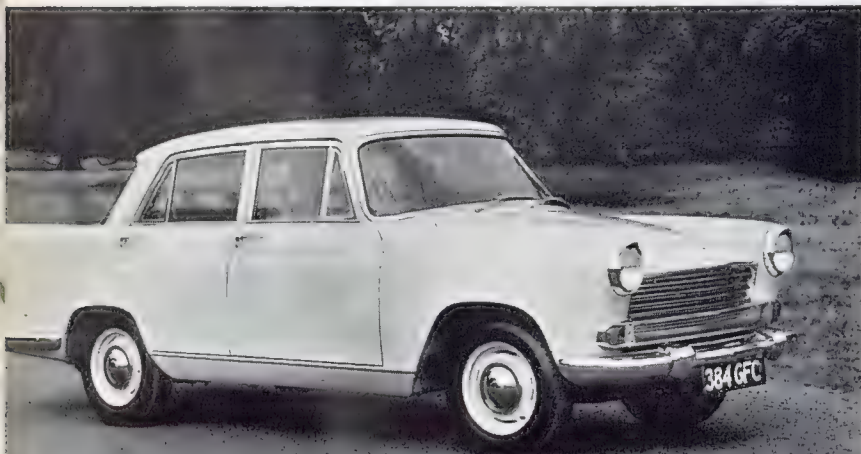
Besides, though our designers have not gone as far as the Americans in cutting down headroom, it is still a rare thing to find a quality car with really generous legroom in the rear seats. We need a car with space for lounging in the rear seats, but without the exterior dimensions of a limousine. There is one high-performance saloon with so little space in the rear that it takes a gymnast to get in.

These and similar considerations seem to be altering the pattern of the two-car family, which used to have one small car and one large one. It is also affecting the one-big-car family. In both cases the trend is towards having two small cars instead.

For a family with £3,000 to spend, a modern two-car combination could include a sporting coupé and one of the roomy small station wagons. An Alfa Giulietta Spider at £2,090, or an Auto-Union 1,000 SP at £1,995, or a Facellia convertible at £2,508, or a Lotus Elite at £1,949 or a Porsche coupé at £2,097 might share the garage with a Ford Escort at £616, an Austin or Morris Mini-Traveller at £623, a Fiat 500 Giardiniera at £585 or an Austin A40 Countryman at £660.



COMBINATION 1: *Morris Oxford and Triumph Herald*





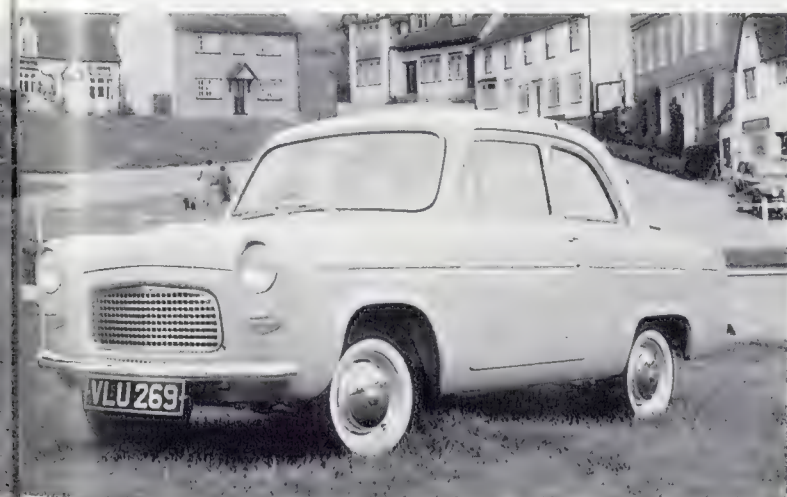
COMBINATION 3: *Alfa Giulietta Spider* and (far left) *Austin A40 Countryman*

On the same plan the Renault Floride (£1,194), the Volkswagen Karmann-Ghia (£1,196), the MGA (£1,027), the Sunbeam Alpine (£985 1.4s. 2d.), the NSU Sport Prinz (£970) or a Triumph Herald coupé (£731), might be teamed with a slightly more expensive station wagon: the Minor Traveller (£669) or the Fiat 600 Multipla (£755).

Another plan would be to use a small, nimble economy model for daily commuting, and have one of the larger station wagons for weekend and family use. Economy models include the Ford Popular (£494), an Austin or Morris Mini de luxe (£537), a Fiat 500 (£483), a Fiat 600 (£590), an NSU Prinz II saloon (£547), a Bianchina convertible, based on the Fiat 500 at £598. Higher up the scale are the Renault Lauphine (690), an Anglia de luxe (£610), an Austin A40 at (£639), or a Triumph Herald saloon (£702). One of these might form the easy-to-park daily transport while the family station wagon, capable of carrying the family luggage on holiday trips, was found among the Hillman Minx Estate Car (£858), the Morris Oxford or Austin A55 Traveller (around £929), the Fiat 1100 wagon (£1,064), or the Fiat 1800 (£1,497).

All these prices are quoted to the nearest pound and include purchase tax of course—but I know several wives who happily take the children to school in a Morris or Austin Mini-van, which is not liable to purchase tax. It makes a roomy, practical second vehicle for the family at only £374 10s.

COMBINATION 2: *Hillman Minx Estate car* and (right) *Ford Popular*



MAN'S WORLD

Your valet by post

David Morton

THE PERSONAL VALET IS A VANISHING figure and even those serving officers still able to command the attentions of a permanent batman are unlikely to find one so imbued with the spirit of the Admirable Crichton as to know instinctively which suit and tie to put out without being told. Most of us in any case enjoy matching our tie to our mood but the other activities of a good valet are rather more difficult to fulfil. How many men, for instance, will take the nightly trouble to empty their pockets, brush their clothes meticulously and with especial attention to the insides of the pockets, the underside of the lapels and inside the turnups if any; attend to any stains, press the trousers and then hang the jacket on a shaped hanger. Full marks to any man who does, and a bonus if he wears a different suit next day.

It's desirable to do all these things, and even better to augment these attentions with those offered by a subscription valet service. There are 196 entries under valeting in the Post Office guide, and I can't endorse them all, but one of the most reliable and oldest-established is **University Tailors** of 87 Wandsworth Road, S.W.8. (REL 2866.) Their collection and delivery service operates within a radius of between 15 and 20 miles from Charing Cross, and there is also a postal service operating all over the British Isles. Collection and delivery are free, and the postal service includes free carriage on the return journey and insurance cover both ways.

When you open a subscription with this firm you decide on the frequency of service you want. The fee, payable annually in advance, covers one suit or its equivalent a week for 34 guineas, one suit a fortnight for 19 guineas, or one a month for 10 guineas. The equivalent of a suit is deemed to be an overcoat or two pairs of trousers. The suit itself is a two- or three-piece, a morning coat, dinner jacket or a sports suit.

When the clothes arrive at University Tailors they are examined for any minor repairs that may need attention. This does not mean anything that requires invisible mending, say, but does include the repair of frayed trouser bottoms, sewing on any loose buttons and tidying up buttonholes, seams,

linings and pockets. After this examination, and the repairs, the clothes are brushed inside the pocket linings and turnups, and then the dust is removed by a dry vacuum process. Stains are analysed and removed by hand. Then comes the most important part, the careful reshaping with an iron. This is a point frequently missed by cleaners, who cannot always give the attention of a skilled valet or tailor to their pressing. Material which has stretched, at the knees perhaps, or shrunk somewhere else, can be reshaped to conform with the original look of the suit. I shall probably get into hot water with the dry cleaners when I say this, but I think one easily gets into the habit of sending a suit to be cleaned when all it needs is brushing and pressing. Admittedly a subscription valeting service is more expensive than the average of 6s. 6d. spent on cleaning a suit, but I think the advantages outweigh the expense.

After the suit is finished, University Tailors pack it with loving care in tissue and the box goes into a van constructed with racks so that no box rests on top of another. It only remains to hang it up until it's worn and then turn your attention to the other details that require immaculacy, like shoes and spotless linen. One of the most useful pieces of furniture in a bedroom or dressing room are the things I have heard called dumb valets—a sort of combined trouser press and standing coat hanger, often with a shelf for studs, cufflinks and loose change.

University Tailors will also attend to more elaborate repairs than the ones I have mentioned, but these may be over and above the normal rate. For example they will reface the lapels of a dinner jacket after they have been frayed at the edges; one of the most delightful offenders can be a girl who wears spiky jewellery, and frayed lapels are as much a sign of misspent youth as proficiency at billiards. Another service University Tailors specialize in is one limited to the bespoke trade—the creasing of trousers. Ask a tailor for *Si-ro-set* if he is making up a wool or worsted suit; he will send it to University Tailors and the crease, if not permanent, is in any case extremely durable and can be revived by running a damp cloth along it.

DINING IN

Holidaytime ferment

Helen Burke

SUDDENLY I FIND FRESH YEAST ON sale in my baker's shop. Getting an ounce used to be a favour and I had to turn up early in the morning to make sure of it. Now they tell me 2 lb. of yeast, in single ounces, are sold each day, which represents quite a lot of bread. For Yorkshire 2 lb. would be a meagre amount, but for London—and the centre of London at that—it seems to me quite remarkable. I make my own wholemeal bread, because I like it, and can vary it to please myself.

Good Friday is as good a day as any to make the acquaintance of yeast, by way of HOT-CROSS BUNS. For 14 to 16 you will need 1 oz. bakers' yeast and 1 lb. plain flour. Incidentally, this amount of yeast will be more than enough for 3 lb. flour for a batch of 2 large or 4 smaller tin loaves.

Blend 1 oz. yeast gradually into $\frac{1}{2}$ pint lukewarm milk. Have ready, sifted together with the chill off, 1 lb. plain flour, a flat teaspoon of salt, 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. easter sugar and a flat $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of mixed spice and ground cinnamon.

Stir the liquid into about a quarter of this mixture and set it aside for 20 minutes to allow it to work well—that is, for bubbles

to form all over the top. Melt $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 oz. butter very slowly. Cool, then add it and a beaten egg to the yeast mixture. Beat well together and add the remaining dry ingredients. Again beat well, then add 4 oz. cleaned currants and 1 oz. finely chopped candied peel. Cover and set in a warm place to prove.

When the dough has doubled in bulk, knead it a little, then pinch off 14 to 16 even-sized pieces. Roll them between the palms of the hands and drop them on to a baking sheet, well apart as they flatten out a little. Make a shallow cross on each with the point of a razor-sharp knife and again leave in a warm place to double in size.

Bake for 15 minutes in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7). As they come from the oven, quickly brush each bun with syrup made by boiling a tablespoon of sugar in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water for 1 to 2 minutes.

This same mixture will make 2 small fruit loaves. For SPICED CURRANT BREAD, add up to 6 oz. currants in all; for a PLAIN CURRANT LOAF, omit the spices.

You can make CHELSEA BUNS on much the same pattern. There are certain amendments. Reduce the sugar in the flour to a level dessert-

spoon and the butter in the dough to 1 oz. Leave out the spices and fruit and add an extra egg.

Make the dough in the same way, but with these subtractions and additions. Roll it out into a large oblong, dot the surface with $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and roll up like a Swiss Roll.

Roll out again, fold into three, then roll out into an 18-inch square. Dot the surface with a further $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter. Have ready the following mixture: 4 oz. easter sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mixed spice, 2 oz. each currants and sultanas and 1 oz. chopped candied peel. Spread this over the dough, again roll up as before and cut into 1-inch slices. Place these, cut side down, in a buttered 10-inch by 12-inch tin and leave to rise to double the size.

Brush with beaten egg white and sprinkle with easter sugar or trickle 1 to 2 tablespoons of golden syrup over the buns. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7).

Now for a new and extremely readable cookery book. *The Molly Goldberg Jewish Cookbook*, by Gertrude Berg and Myra Waldo (W. H. Allen, 21s.) is to be recommended not only for the soundness of the recipes but also for the delightfully humorous way in which each section and many of the recipes themselves are introduced.

Here is a typical recipe. The ingredients of the various dishes are tabulated but, for lack of space, I shall incorporate them in the directions.

Molly writes:

"My neighbour, Mrs. Cawley,

makes Corned Beef like nobody. . . . When I asked her for the recipe, she told me this story. When she first got married, her husband expressed a desire for Corned Beef and cabbage. The cabbage she knew about, the Corned Beef was beyond her vocabulary at the moment. So she went to her butcher and asked him how she should make it. He didn't know but he got the recipe from his wife, and Mrs. Cawley tried it. Mr. Cawley said it was the best he ever ate, but she wasn't sure whether it was love or the truth. They've been married now for 12 years and Mr. Cawley hasn't lost his taste for Corned Beef, so it must have been the truth. . . ."

MRS. CAWLEY'S CORNED BEEF: Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups salt, 4 quarts water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons pickling spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. saltpetre and 8 bay leaves in a saucepan. Boil for 5 minutes. Cool.

Place a 5-lb. piece of brisket of beef and 8 cloves of garlic in a stone crock or glass container. Pour the spice mixture over it. Place a weight on the meat to keep it submerged. Place a piece of cheese cloth or muslin across the top of the container and tie it in place. Place the cover of the container on top. Allow to pickle for 12 days in a cool place.

Remove the beef and rinse. Place in a saucepan with water to cover. Bring to a boil and skim the top. Cook for 3 hours, or until the corned beef is tender.

Tongue may be pickled in the same way.

RAYMOND FORTT

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Wooden horses

Albert Adair

AROUND THIS TIME LAST YEAR I quoted from Thomas Sheraton's reference in his *Drawing Book* to a cheval-glass "with a convenience for writing as well as for dressing which rises by a little horse". Most people know what a cheval-glass is but a few may still be puzzled by the "little horse". The reference is of course to the four-legged frame in which the mirror hangs. Such full length mirrors were only introduced towards the end of the 18th century when it first became possible to cast a plate of looking glass of such a size.

The glasses swivelled on screws between the supports and sometimes could be lowered and raised by means of weights concealed inside them. Swivelling candleholders were also attached on either side as in the case of the mirror illustrated here by courtesy of Messrs. Biggs & Sons of Maidenhead.

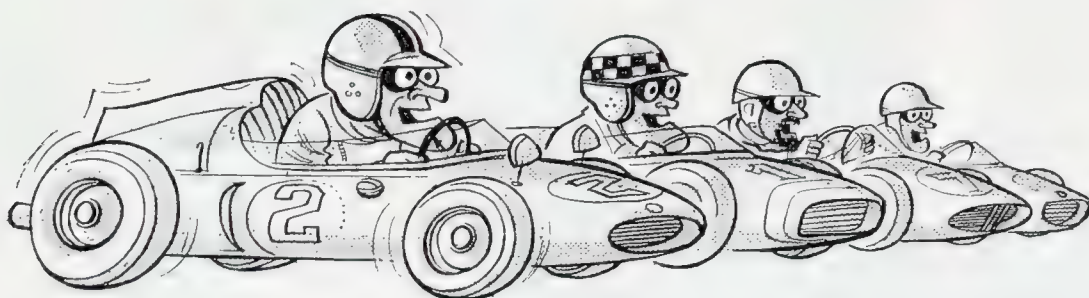
The more unusual version of the *cheval* idea is shown in the second

photograph, "a horse writing table, dating from about 1800. Like the looking glass it has a four legged frame and this example is made of finely figured rosewood crossbanded with satinwood and inlaid with yew wood panels, the side of the square piece at the top drops down to form the writing surface. A recess for writing paper and envelopes is then revealed in the back; below this is the inkwell and sand container.

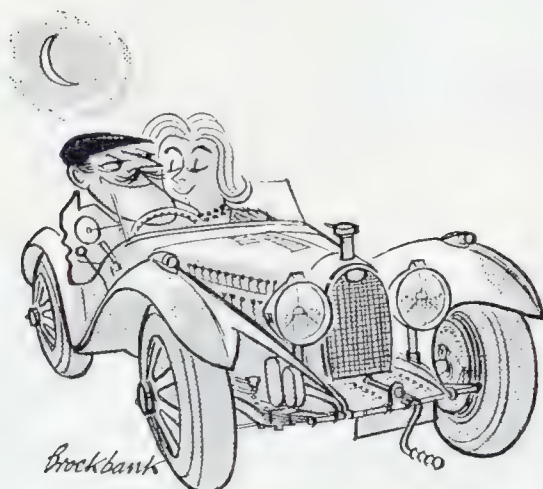
The whole is a most elegant piece of furniture for occasional writing, but there is no storage space and it is therefore perhaps best suited for a guest room. Such pieces were made again in late Victorian and Edwardian days and these have leather interior fittings. Examples dating from 1790 to 1830, and therefore officially antiques, are rather collectors' curios, but despite their rarity they do not command high prices owing to their impracticability for everyday use.



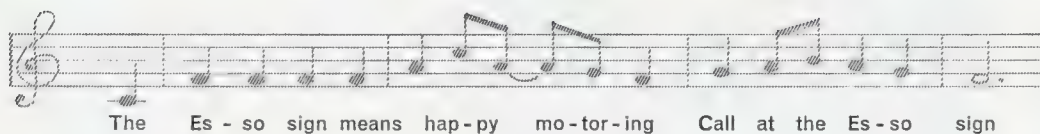
Racing-drivers chant it
as they line up at the start,



Driving-teachers make their pupils
learn it off by heart,



Sweethearts gently breathe it
when the time has come to part—



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BASSANO

Miss Mary-Jean Garner-Smith to Lieut. Richard Onslow, R.N. *She is the daughter of Brig. & Mrs. K. J. G. Garner-Smith, of Aird House, by Inverness. He is the son of Admiral Sir Richard & Lady Onslow*



VANDYK

Miss Philippa Joan Whishaw to Mr. Timothy George Abell. *She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Whishaw, of Holmwood Cottage, Holmwood, Surrey. He is the elder son of Sir George & Lady Abell, of Holwell Manor, Hatfield*

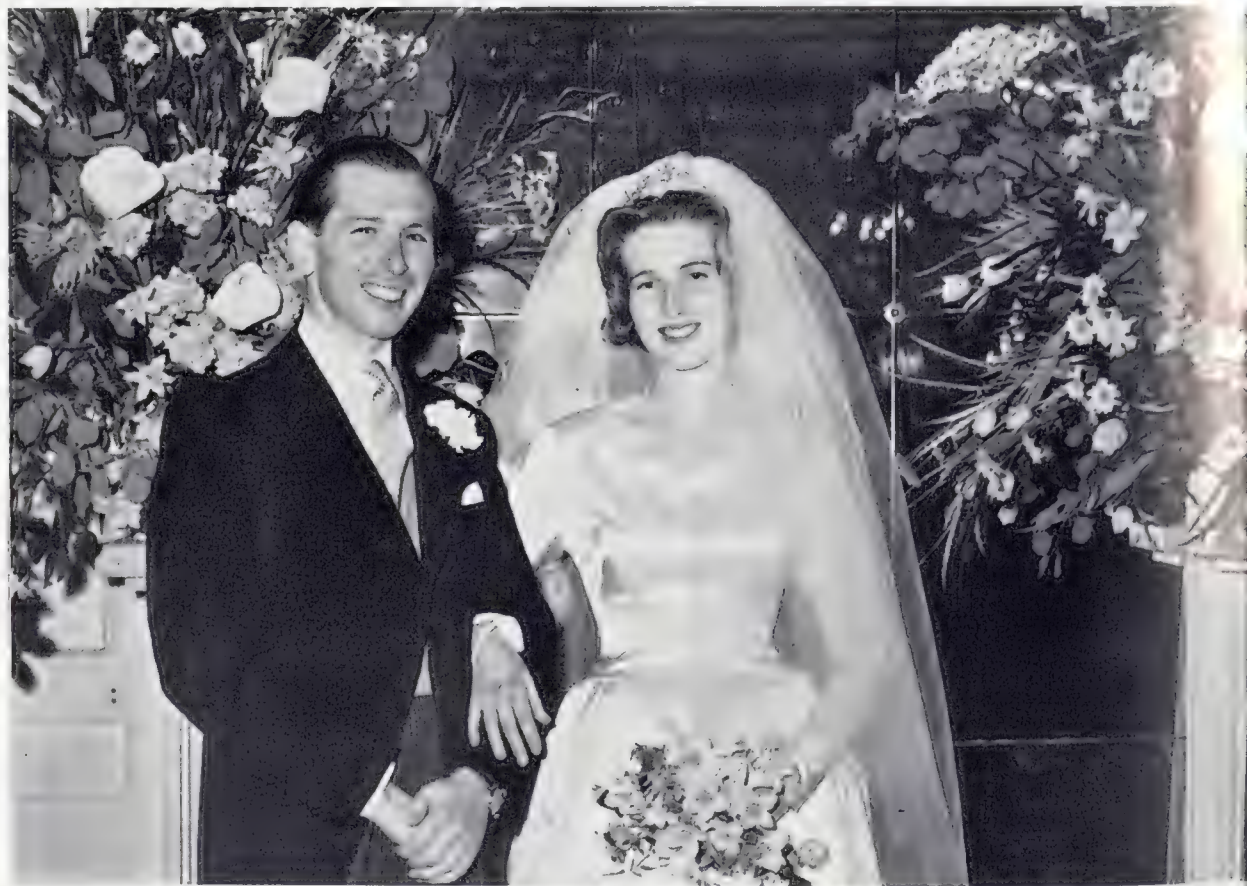
Engagements



FAYER

Miss Christine Crawford to Mr. Anthony Raymond Alexander Mackay. *She is the youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. & Mrs. C. H. P. Crawford. He is the son of Mr. L. A. Mackay, of Mereworth, Kent, and of the Hon. Mrs. David Fellowes*

Campbell-Davys — Macdonald: Jane Nanine, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. I. E. Campbell-Davys, of Cape Town, South Africa, was married to Randal Macdonald, the Captain of Clanranald, only son of the late Capt. Kenneth Macdonald of Inch Kenneth, and of Mrs. Macdonald, of Haslemere, at St. George's, Hanover Sq.



Bird—Maitland: Gillian Ursula, younger daughter of the late Mr. G. L. F. Bird, and of Mrs. Bird, of Whitelands, Old Oxted, Surrey, was married to Neil Kenneth, younger son of Col. & Mrs. John Kenneth Maitland, of Little Olley, near Hitchin, Herts, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Weddings

MILAN....

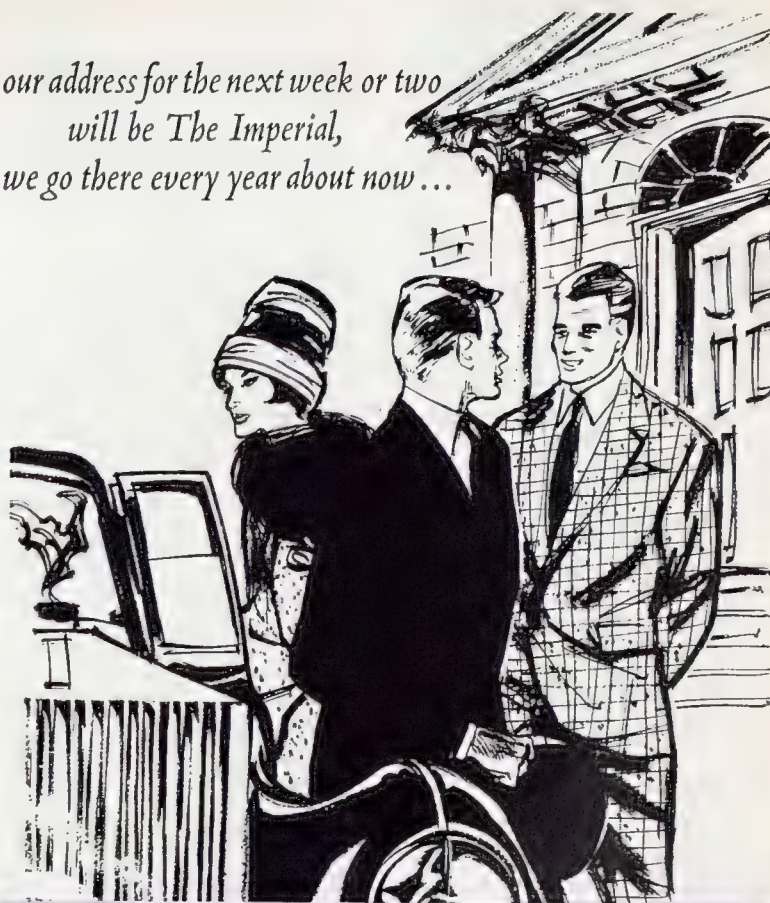
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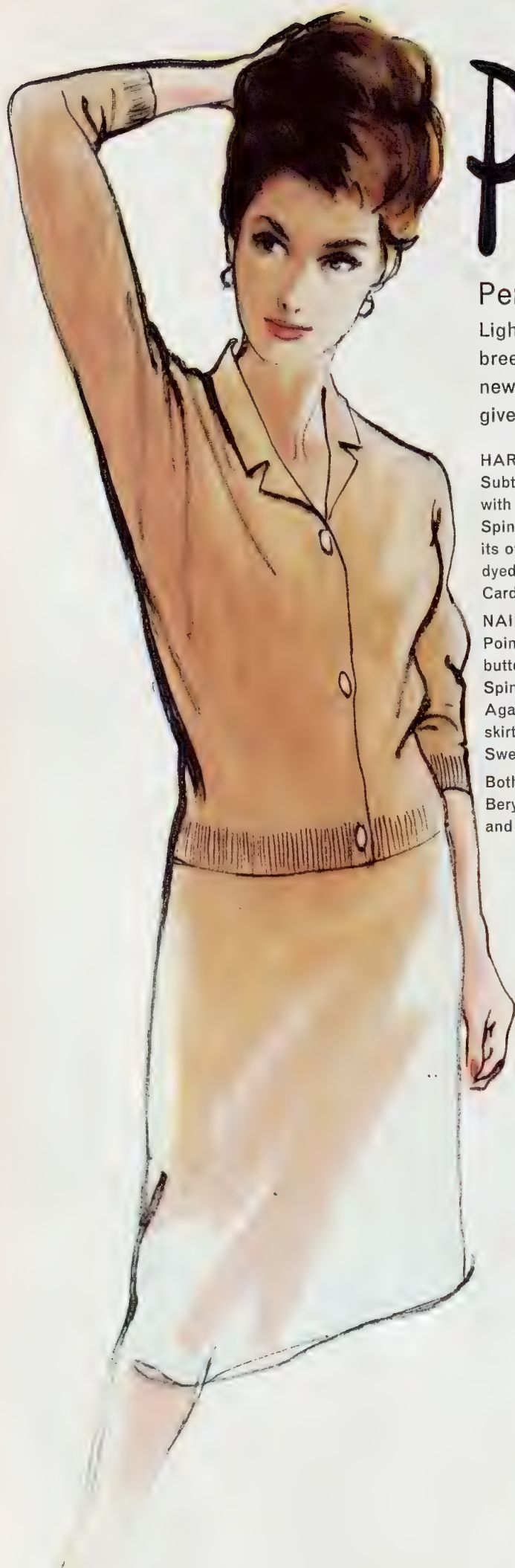
HART (left)

Subtly shaped cardigan with revered collar, in Spindrift Lambswool, with its own fully-lined, dyed-to-match skirt. Cardigan and skirt: £9.19.6.

NAIRN (right)

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